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NGFIELD, Nov. 27, 1848.
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REVELATION.

From Rev. J. F. CLARKE's clear and discriminating review in the Christian Examiner, of Dr. Furness's "Life of Jesus," we give the following extracts:—

All prevailing views on this fundamental question, we believe, may be classed under four divisions, as follows:—1. Exclusive Naturalism. 2. Exclusive Supernaturalism. 3. Supernatural Rationalism. 4. Rational Supernaturalism. Let us examine them briefly, in order.

1. Exclusive Naturalism.

The essential principle of naturalism is this—that God acts *only* through nature. It is based on the idea of the Divine laws, of the great order of the universe. Its fundamental notion concerning religion is that of developement. All progress is the unfolding of germs originally deposited in the creation. Naturalism is so in love with law, that it shrinks from the thought of any new incursion from above into the order of nature. It cannot believe in a God outside of nature. Every thing that comes to pass in time is part of the great web of cause and effect which was woven in the beginning. Every thing that happens is the continuation of the old series, the effect of something which went before. Thus, the naturalist must explain the life and works of Jesus as resulting from causes already at work in the world before he entered it, and not as a new descent of the life of God into humanity.

The truth in naturalism is this,—that it recognizes God in nature. Not a bud swells, not a flower opens, not a child is born, not a nation rises and declines, but G-d is there. The naturalist gladly accepts the language of Paul,—"From him, and through him, and to him are all things." "In him we live, and move, and have our being." God is in the grain which waves broadly over a thousand fields,—God is in the sea which sleeps on the warm, sandy shore of the tropics, or thunders among the grinding icebergs of the polar seas.

The truth in naturalism is also this,—that it recognizes fully that God is not an arbitrary Being, but a God of perfect justice; that he rules by law; that he maintains with steady hand the beneficent order of creation. Without wilfulness and without the shadow of turning, firmly maintaining his great laws, the God of nature infuses into his worshippers the calmness and strength which are in himself. The naturalist has no ecstatic hopes, no sudden fears, no enthusiasm of any kind; he hopes for no magical change in life or at death; he sees that gradation is the law of all progress; he sees that as a man soweth, so doth he also reap,—that God is not unrighteous to forget the smallest work or labor of love, and that, as not a grain of sand can be lost from the universe, so not a good act or thought can ever fail of its reward.

The defect of naturalism is, that, while it recognizes God as the INFINITE LAW, it does not recognize him also as the INFINITE FREEDOM. It is ignorant that God was not only a creator when the worlds were first made, but is always a creator,—that he must necessarily continue to originate new series, no less than to carry on the old. It not only deprives God of wilfulness, in which it is right, but of will, in which it is wrong,—it not only sees that God is law, but makes him nothing but law. Hence the Deity of the naturalist becomes merely the sum of the laws of the universe, or at best a power, a force, acting according to law. Therefore the personality of God at last vanishes away, and instead of the true pantheism, which teaches that God is *in* all things, we are in danger of the false, which teaches that all things are God.

2. Exclusive Supernaturalism.

This system is the antithesis of the former. Its essential principle is this,—that God acts *only* from above nature. It is based on the idea of the Divine will, of God sitting on his throne and ruling by his power for ever. Its fundamental notion concerning religion is that of emanation. Religion is not unfolded out of man's nature, but is a power emanating from God to change man's nature altogether. All progress depends on continued acts of the Divine will. Supernaturalism is so in love with the idea of God's sovereignty, that it cannot bear that it should be limited even by God's wisdom and benevolence. Exalting the Divine will above all law, it makes of it a Divine wilfulness, and substitutes an arbitrary choice in the place of a holy nature. It cannot believe in a God immanent in nature, and calls such a belief Pantheism. Nature, to the supernaturalist, is but a congeries of forces, originally set in motion by God, but disturbed in their operation since by the incursion of evil. Nature is ruined and fallen, and is now no manifestation of God. Some traces of the artist's original design may yet be discerned in its adaptations, but only as we trace the mind of Phidias in the ruins of the Parthenon. God's will, therefore, cannot be discerned in nature, but only in revelation, and revelation is the miraculous interruption of the laws of nature by the direct agency of God. The life and works of Jesus were accordingly wholly independent of the previous history of the human race, except in Judea. His character was wholly supernatural. While naturalism shows us in Jesus only the Son of Man, supernaturalism makes known to us only the Son of God; and while it maintains the doctrine of two natures in Christ, it virtually sinks the human nature in the Divine, and is ignorant of all his tender human virtues.

The opposition between naturalism and supernaturalism which we have described is not so much a conflict between two systems of opinion as between two tendencies of thought. As all thinkers have been said to be born either Platonists or Aristotelians, so also most men are born either naturalists or supernaturalists. One man has a tendency to reduce all things under law, another to explain events as flowing from free will, from love, from spiritual energy. Few men would accept either system, in its naked and exclusive form, but in each mind there is a secret tendency toward the one or the other. Accordingly, the conflict re-appears continually in the history of opinions. The theogonies of ancient Asia were founded on the principle of emanation; those of Europe on that of evolution. The gods of Asia, Brahma and Vishnoo, Ormuzd and Ahriman, were emanations from the absolute. The gods of Greece, Zeus, Ares, Aphrodite, Persephone, were evolved from human attributes, were developements of human natures. Supernaturalism, vindicating the personality and freedom of the Deity from pantheistic tendencies, has appeared from time to time in Judaism and Mohammedanism, in the systems of Augustine and of Calvin. In all these systems God is viewed as a mighty will, above the course of nature. Naturalism, vindicating the wisdom and justice of the Deity from Antinomian tendencies, has appeared in the philosophies of Greece, in the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and in all the varieties of modern rationalism.

But now we must consider two other forms of opinion, quite prevalent among us, which are founded on an endeavor to reconcile these two exclusive systems. These we have called *supernatural rationalism* and *rational supernaturalism*. In the first, the contents of the system is rationalism, but its basis and form supernaturalism; in the second, the reverse is the case.*

3. Supernatural Rationalism.

This system accepts the miraculous facts of the Gospels, and considers them as violations of the law of nature, the object of which was to establish religion on an authoritative basis. But the religion thus established is only the religion of reason, as taught by the wisest men of ancient and modern times. It is the republication, with authority, of the religion of nature. It teaches the unity and perfections of God, the moral duties of man, immortality, and retribution in a future life. All that is peculiar, original, and mysterious in Christianity, this system ignores. *Faith* it considers equivalent to the belief of propositions on grounds of evidence, and makes of it an act of the understanding. *Repentance* is not so much an inward change from selfishness to love, as an outward reformation of conduct. *Conversion* is either the accepting of a new creed, the union with a new sect or party, or the outward profession of religion. *Prayer* is an act by which, while addressing God, we create proper feelings and sentiments in our own mind, and so in reality answer our own supplications. *Forgiveness of sin* is an assurance by God that, when we change our conduct and become virtuous, we shall be happy. Such is supernatural rationalism, which is, indeed, not the creed of any sect or party, but is a tendency to be found more or less developed among many sects. Although it has its merits, among which especially is to be remembered its assertion of the rights of the individual reason and conscience in opposition to church authority, it is on the whole a narrow system, which confines the mind, and excludes many of the noblest convictions which exalt the soul of man.

Let us, then, turn to the consideration of the other system, which seeks to reconcile the truths of supernaturalism and naturalism. This we have called,

4. Rationalism Supernaturalism.

This system is rational, because it recognizes the rights of reason in their fullest extent. It asserts the duty of using the reason in examining the claims and determining the contents of revelation. Knowing that a man cannot believe what seems to him unreasonable, it does not seek to impose its own belief, by authority, but will wait, as God waits till its truth commends itself to the inquirer's mind. It is rational, because it accepts nothing on grounds of revelation which is inconsistent with what it believes on other grounds. When the Scripture seems to assert what nature seems to deny, it does not shut its eyes to one class of facts that it may believe the other; but it waits humbly and modestly, till it can either see that one is false, or till the two can be reconciled. But this system is essentially a supernatural faith, for while believing in nature, it also believes that there is a great deal more above nature,—that there are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy. It believes the coming of Christ a supernatural event, the introduction into the world of a new power, before not present in human history. Christ's life is not a part of the great *nexus* of events, not an effect, but the commencement of a new and grand order, a spirit descending from above into human affairs to make them all new. The miracles of his life are supernatural, because having their source in this superhuman power; they are natural, because the natural outflow and expression of that power. They are not suspensions of the laws of nature, for then they would be *unnatural;* nor are they, like the phenomena of magic and animal magnetism, the expression of an abnormal and diseased state, for then they would be *preternatural*. But they are strictly *preternatural*, because the coming in of forces, having laws of their own, from a higher world. In that celestial world what are miracles to us may be as natural events as the growing of grass is here. The contents of Christianity, according to this system, are also strictly supernatural, belonging to an order above that of this world. The object of Christianity was not, as rationalism declares, to teach with authority a system of religious and moral truth, but to communicate a new life to the race. As God flows out into outward nature as law, so he flows into the soul as love. This descent of love into the soul, meditated by Christ, is the new birth, or conversion. It does not come to us as the reward of any goodness or work of ours, but it is the gift of his inexplicable love; yet it is no irresistible force, but works in harmony with the laws of human freedom. This new life, thus strictly supernatural in its origin, natural in its operation, manifests itself by a living faith, a holy love, and believing prayer. *Faith*, in this system, is not the belief of propositions, but the realizing sense of spiritual things. *Prayer*, in this system, is not a mere self-magnetism, but an actual communion with God, who loves to give blessings in this intercourse which would not come by any operation of law.

According to this system, the Christian lives at once in two worlds,—in the world of time and in that of eternity. He has senses and faculties adapted to both. He draws his strength from one, and finds his work in the other. The one is the sphere of labor, duty, effort, morality,—the other is the sphere of joy, freedom, love, piety. He meets God in both worlds. In the world of nature he meets God as the power sustaining and filling all things,—"whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the solid land."† In the world of spirit he meets God as the Father and the Friend, who loved him before the foundation of the world, and by whose grace he is saved. He goes to God in the outward world by obedience, God comes to him in the inward world by inspiration. Man takes the initiative in the world of duty. As he sows, so he reaps; he draws nigh to God, and *then* God draws nigh to him. God takes the initiative in the world of grace. Mysterious influences come unasked for to check the sinner and to support the saint; and "herein," we say, "is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to save us."

It will be seen that the last system is the one which we approve and love among those we have described. We hope, but are not sure, that our readers generally will agree with us in this preference. All liberal Christians reject the system of exclusive supernaturalism. But some among us lean strongly toward exclusive naturalism, and many, especially among our older theologians, hold views akin to those we have described as supernatural rationalism. At present, however, we have to do with naturalism, and therefore will proceed to give our reasons for thinking that system inadequate, and for accepting the supernatural view of God and Christ.

Admitting, as we do, that God reveals himself in the lives and thoughts of other wise and good men, it may be asked, Why should we wholly separate the revelation made through Jesus from these other revelations? Why not be satisfied with the assertion that Jesus was the ripest fruit of our common nature,—that he became what he was by a transcendent religious genius,—that he was superior to all other men in degree, but not in kind? Why not place him in the same class with Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates?

Now it will not be denied that there is something in the Christian sentiment, be it habit or be it instinct, which shrinks from these classifications. No matter how much we admire Plato and Antoninus, we feel that they belong to a different order of greatness from that of Jesus. And the difference is just this. We revere in them human genius and human virtue ascending toward the skies; but in Jesus we worship God descending toward the earth. Jesus we are accustomed to regard as an act of God, not as an effort of nature. Humanity did not unfold itself into Jesus as its fairest flower, but that infinite soul of the world, elsewhere hiding himself behind his laws, here shows himself through them. The veil of the temple of nature is rent in twain, and in Jesus a new creative impulse of light and love enters the world. "Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo."

This unquestionably has been the view of the Church in all Christian centuries. This is the view which it has attempted to express in its doctrine of the Incarnation. The statement that Jesus was God can, when strictly examined, only mean this. It cannot mean that the human soul of Jesus, any more than his human body, was God. As a human being, he had a human soul, and was a human person. As a human person, he was finite, limited, dependent. But this human soul was a receptacle for God, and was so filled and overflowed with God, that the finite limitations which existed there disappear in the Infinite. So that when we look elsewhere we see man, when we look at Jesus we see God.

Now this universal belief of the Christian Church is itself a strong argument for the truth of what lies under it. Does a faith like this spring out of the ground? The faith that Christ was the fulness of God is a great phenomenon in human history. How is it to be accounted for? It is an effect for which we must find an adequate cause.

Consider, moreover, the influence of this faith in Christ. It has been the strength of Christian life and Christian effort. Christians, looking to Jesus, have seen in him God's truth, love, and power manifested to redeem mankind; and this has given them power to do and to endure, to become heroes and martyrs in his cause. Would this strength have come from the belief that Jesus, Plato, Paul, and Socrates were fine specimens of natural greatness, and had a genius for truth and goodness? Let the naturalist explain the faith of the Church, and what it has accomplished. Of its theologies concerning Jesus, we think little; but under them all there has been deep-lying faith, that his life was not merely a growth of nature, but an act of God.

The effect of the life of Christ upon the world also leads us to believe that he differed essentially from all wise and good men. We find in the sacred books of India a lofty spiritualism, akin to that which we find in the New Testament. In the words of Socrates we meet a practical wisdom similar to that expressed in the words of Jesus. The morality of Confucius, of Seneca, of Zorooaster, of Epictetus, are all akin to the morality of the Gospel. But why have not the words of these men passed into the mind and heart of the world? Why do the books of Plato and Seneca lie on the tables of scholars, while the words of Jesus are repeated by the lips of childhood, are uttered by the bed of the dying, are remembered by the sailor in his stormy midnight-watch, and remain the last comfort of him from whom all other comfort has fled? The doctrines of Confucius have never passed the boundaries of his nation; the words of Jesus, coming from among the despised Jews, pass the limits of race, institutions, customs, language, law, and form the harmonizing principle which unites in one general culture the most different tribes of men. These are not mere words, nor mere thoughts; "they are spirit, and they are life." The life of Christ goes with them, the impulse given to humanity by him constitutes their power. To the most eloquent words we listen, and though thrilled for the moment by their beauty, we presently are our own selves again. But when words come, attended by a fulness of life, they fill the world with their music; they are sunshine in the home of sorrow, they are wreaths of love upon the tomb.

Moreover, the human soul has sneeds which remain unsatisfied except by a manifestation of God. A longing, often vague, but sometimes uttering itself in distinct words,* has made men look for some brighter manifestation of God than can be found in the grandeur of outward nature, or the institutions of human reason.

They have said,—"We are God's children. Will not our Father one day speak to us? There are mysteries from which we cannot escape, which he himself has made us to ask. Will he not one day give us their solution? We are involved in sin. Shall we ever overcome it, ever escape from it? Those we love best we are every day laying in the ground. Shall we ever see them again? In a few years we shall lie there too. Is that the end, or beginning? We wish these questions answered,—not intellectually, but experimentally; answered by an experience of our Father's love, by a sense of his forgiving grace, by the consciousness that an eternal life is abiding in us." We believe that Jesus came to answer these questions; practically, to the heart, not speculatively, to the understanding. The LAW was given by Moses. Divine *laws* were revealed also by Plato, Galileo, Kepler, Descartes, Bacon, Newton. But Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ, and by him alone.

Yet again. Our view of the character of Jesus is confirmed by what he says of himself. Let us try to imagine Socrates, or any other man, however wise and good, using such language about himself as Jesus used. Imagine, if you can, even Paul or John saying these things about themselves, which we have taken, at random almost, from the Gospels.

1. Jesus calls himself "*The only begotten Son of God.*"

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

2. He says that he came from God.

"I seek not my own will, but his that sent me." "I am come in my Father's name." "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." "He that sent me is true." "I know him, I am from him, and he sent me." "I go my way to him that sent me."

3. He speaks of his sinlessness and perfect union with God.

"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" "I and my Father are one." "I know God, and keep his saying." "The Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." "The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that he himself doeth." Therefore does my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the sheep." "The Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into his hands."

4. He speaks of himself as having extraordinary authority and powers.

"The Son of Man is lord of the Sabbath.' "The Son quickeneth whom he will." "The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." "The Father hath given to the Son to have life in himself." I am the light of the world. He that believeth on me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." "The Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins." "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no one knoweth who the Son is, but the Father." "Whosoever shall confess before men, him will I also confess before my Father in heaven." "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord," &c. "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." "He breathed on them and said, 'Receive the Holy Ghost.' I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me shall never die." "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

Now it seems clear that no one could have spoken of himself in this way, who considered himself as not differing essentially from wise and good men. It argued in Jesus either a fanatical self-esteem, or consciousness of divinity, to use such language as this. His whole life, teaching, character, influence on the world, make it impossible to believe him a fanatic, or an enthusiast. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, that he had this peculiar mission, this great work to do,—that he was not the Son of God merely by personal fidelity, but by Divine selection and endowment. If he was merely one who, by obedience to his instinct of duty, had purified his character and made for himself a spotless virtue, the whole class of texts we have quoted would become unintelligible, and he would have spoken of himself, too, in a very different manner, with terms and phrases suited to express the virtues of a self-formed character.

SOCIAL INFLUENCE; A Discourse delivered July 14, 1850, to the Unitarian Society in Bridgewater, Mass. By Thomas Dawes, Minister of the Washington Street Church, Fairhaven. Boston: John Wilson, 21 School Street. 1850.

The text of this judicious, affectionate, and religious discourse is,—None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. The object of the preacher is to set forth the relations beween man and man; the necessary influence for evil or good which every one is exerting, and to enforce fidelity to one's social obligations. He draws an impressive illustration of the lesson he is urging from the recent death of President Taylor. The following extract shows the spirit and purpose of the Sermon.

"Look at it, my brothers. The loving Deity has not cast any man among you on a desolate island, neither given him an abhorrence of human society. Here we are, spending this precious life of ours in the midst of fellow beings, whose lives, in the sight of God, are equally as precious as our own. The same infinite Father, who has given to us of his own fulness, who has endowed us with capacities only a little inferior to his angels, endows and supports every other rational creature in a similar way. Now, we may consider ourselves as fair examples of what happens to our neighbors also; and, looking upon ourselves, we cannot but perceive how intimately the lives, the conduct, the example, and influence of others, have affected, and been blended with, our own. Let us summon our common experience to testify to the fact, that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

"Go back to the day of childhood, and among search its rubbish and among its treasures for the marks of what you owe to others. If that search be wisely conducted, I have not the least doubt that some of my audience could speak the names of their tempters or of their benefactors. I have not a doubt that some of you recall the faces of persons whose example has weighed with you; whose wicked or whose holy words have wrought powerfully on your early imagination; whose communion was precious or was abhorred; and that you hold those persons to be, somehow or in some way, *fellow-builders* with you of the character you have at present, or as having some decided interest in your hopes for the future.

"Neither do I doubt, that some whom you could name would be astounded at your testimony in their favor, or to their blame. For the bad man knows what shall be the wages of his doings; and the good man likewise is ignorant of the blessing that his life for ever spreads around it. But the *curse* and the *benediction* are both looked after: another and a HIGHER than men cares for them both. That which is secret now shall, in God's own time, be revealed, so that all men shall see it together; and *then* shall we know how he that soweth to the spirit shall reap an abundant harvest of joy; and he that soweth to the flesh shall, without the failure of a single hellish seed, reap *corruption*."

A PRAYER FOR A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN, TAKEN FROM ST. PATRICK'S HYMN. "Almighty God, for Christ's sake teach us to pray. May thy power, O God, preserve me, may thy wisdom instruct me, may thine eye watch over me, may thine ear hear me, may thy work, O God, render me eloquent, may thy guidance direct me, may thy gracious help secure me against all the snares of the devil, the temptations of vice, the lust of the flesh, and all dangers that may threaten my soul or body.

"Christ be with me, to save me; Christ before me, to lead me; Christ after me, to bring me back from sin and error; Christ in me, the hope of glory; Christ under me as my support and foundation; Christ over me, to shield and cover me; Christ my only hope, my all in all.

"Salvation is of the Lord; salvation is by Christ; may thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us for Christ's sake. Amen."

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT. Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that, if you make them happy now, you may make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scene before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.[Sidney Smith.

One reason of a man's over-estimate of himself is, that he looks upon himself and others from very different points of view. He cannot see the workings of other men's minds directly. He infers their characters from their acts. But he looks directly into his own mind, and judges of himself by what he finds there. In short, he judges of others by their doings, but of himself by his feelings and intentions. And as good feelings and intentions are abundant, and good deeds rare, he easily comes to think of himself "more highly than he ought to think." Besides, one cannot see the difficulties of others as he sees his own. Many difficulties are learned only by experience, and a vast many more are too petty to be described. These are appreciated by each one in his own case, and overlooked in the case of others. Moreover, men conspire to inflate each other. The common language of social intercourse is complimentary. Every one is supposed to be pleased with praise, and this being cheap is liberally bestowed. And though each one knows that he is uttering counterfeit coin, he is apt to think that what he receives is genuine.

Solon said of his laws, that they were not the best in themselves, but the best which the Athenians would bear. This principle of adaptation applies to most laws. They are moral rules allowed to make them fit for rough use.—If a man makes such laws his standard of right, he shows that he is inclined to do right only so far as he is compelled to it.

To do good to-day is the way to be happy to-morrow.

REV. JOSEPH BROWN OF DALKIETH.

We see that this gentleman, who has just received a doctorate of divinity from Amherst College, has recently made a very able temperance speech before the Scottish Temperance League at Glasgow. His text was, TOTAL ABSTINENCE THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES. We give a few extracts from it, to show that our friends at Amherst have not, this time, missed their mark.

"Christianity made its appeal to great principles, and in regard to the matter of total abstinence they made their appeal to the enlightened reason under the influence of brotherly love. But he must establish the position that after it was admitted that some things were expedient and lawful, that there were, in these times, something that called for the adoption of abstinence principles. Surely they had only to open their eyes and look at the various evils that sprung out of intemperance, and that follow in its train. Those only that are diseased will betake themselves to the physician, and make application for a remedy; and so in regard to the state of society,—only those who are affected by its diseased condition will be ready to adopt remedial measures; and only in proportion as the evils are not only various but manifold, they would be willing to adopt the remedy, although it might be painful and bitter. When they wished liberty triumphant and slavery abolished, they dwelt on the horrors of the slave system. If they would have peace to prevail, they would delineate the horrors of war. If they would have heathenism abolished and Christianity proclaimed, they would show how truly the habitations of the earth were the habitations of horrid cruelty. So, if they would win men over to their ranks, they ought to show them the horrors that had long prevailed in this country through strong drink. No one could look about him without deploring the misery that sprung out of the drinking customs in our times. A stream had been overflowing the land, called, somewhat impiously, *aquavitæ*—'the water of life;' but unlike the living waters, which the prophet saw in vision, spreading fertility and beauty in their progress, this was found to desolate and destroy everything that was virtuous and holy throughout the community.

There were signs of the times that gave promise of success. They had encouragement to hope for the success of total abstinence from the spirit of free inquiry that was abroad. They had all great reverence for antiquity; they had all some reverence for that which was hoary-headed; and as age was revered when they found it in a fellow-creature; so all revered a time-hallowed institution. But they found that old men were not always wise, and old institutions were not always good. Men had been searching carefully into long established systems both of policy and religion, and had been discovering so many errors, that now a suspicion of what was old had taken the place of veneration for antiquity It had been objected that total abstinence was a new thing. It had been said that, if a new thing, it was not a true thing; and if a true thing, it was not a new thing. But although it was a new thing there was no crime in that; had not all things been once new, even the best of them? was not the world once a new thing—ay, and a better world than now? Christianity was once a new thing on the earth, but did it not then shine radiant with beauty, and achieve its greatest triumphs? Sabbath schools were once new things in this country, but had they not done great good? Railways were comparatively new things, but did not the men who objected to total abstinence as being a new thing, take advantage of that new thing which carried them from Land's End to John O'Groat's? The electric telegraph was a new thing, but they gloried in the wonders it gave them. Chloroform was a new thing, and did those who objected to temperance refuse its aid in extracting a tooth? It had been said that now—

"Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeasurable, Were now extracted with feelings that were pleasurable."

(Laughter.) He would rather think that total abstinence opposers would not oppose the use of chloroform, because it was a new thing, if they wished an operation performed. The spirit of the age was putting old things to the wall, if they stood in the way of what was good. It had been said that everything was now in the crucible of the age—that it was summoning all things to the trial, and that nothing could escape its scrutiny. Among those things destined to perish he felt assured they might include their drinking customs. They had encouragement to hope for success in the movement, from the fact that there was a greater regard for human life prevalent now than had been in former times. He referred, in the meantime, to the controversy in regard to capital punishments, which he thought an important question. He could not say that his mind was fully made up on it. It was only so far made up that, if he were chief magistrate, he would not sign a death warrant. (Cheers.) If they were to have a republic in this country, they need not propose him as president, if they required that he should sign death warrants. (Laughter.) Those who oppose and those who advocated capital punishments, agreed that human life was a sacred thing. One party said that the magistrate went beyond his province when he ushered a fellow-being into the other world, with all his sin's unrepented of; and the other side said that human life was so sacred that it should be protected by the sword of the magistrate. He wished to bring over both parties to the ranks of total abstinence, and if they had both, they would then have a larger number. (Cheers.) He would appeal first to those who were for the abolition of capital punishment. He asked them to own that the life of a neighbor addicted to intemperance was as sacred as that of a criminal in a jail; and to compare the number of lives cut off by the hangman every year with those killed by John Barleycorn. If the hangman killed one, alcohol killed its hundred; but even take the one-half, and say for every one the hangman killed alcohol killed fifty. Was their sympathy to be confined to the one and denied to the fifty? Let them be consistent, and become total abstainers. Those who were for maintaining capital punishments, because life was a sacred thing, were equally called on to take vengeance on this drinking system, which was the murderer of hundreds and thousands of their fellow-men. (Applause.) They had another ground for hope in the efforts directed towards the elevation of the working classes. That topic was frequently before the public of late. He noticed at the Lord Mayor's dinner some time ago, at which were congregated the husband of the Queen, the ministers of state, the primate of England, distinguished senators, foreign ambassadors, the mayors and other municipal authorities of all the principal towns of the the three kingdoms, to meet the commission entrusted with the management of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, that the Earl of Carlisle proposed "the working men of the United kingdom." (Cheers) That was a sign of the times; and while he was pleased to find that working men were recognized in high places, they should remember that all that was done for them would fail, unless they put a stop to the prevalence of the use of intoxicating liquors among themselves. The reverend gentleman then referred to the grog question in the navy, and the proposal to stop one-half of the sailor's allowance of ardent spirits, and give them the value in money, as a most beneficial measure, and one that should be followed to the full extent by working men. The Rev. gentleman concluded a long address by an apt and humorous illustration of the blessings of the principle which he had been enforcing.

An infidel remarked, within the hearing of a little girl of thirteen that all things came by chance, and the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in the night. "I should like to know sir," she asked, "where the seed came from."

[For the Register.]

An Evening Hymn.

Father! in spirit and in truth,
Our vows to Thee we pay;
And thank Thee for the gracious gift
Of this sweet summer day.

Thy general gift—bestowed on all—
For all the free delight—
Of this unclouded smiling day,
This gracious dewy night.

No wall divideth this—no man
From this shuts out his brother;—
What gift can we return Thee, Lord!
A general prayer—none other.

Thine earth lies green beneath Thy smile,
The wind that dwells among
The upper forest boughs, calls out
Its many voiced song.

All things upon this bounteous earth
After their kind rejoice;—
Amidst this general harmony,
Oh! hear Thou too our voice.

Let the large heart and liberal hand
Show forth our thanks, O Lord;
And all our faculties unite
In full and sweet accord—

Our incense shall be holy deeds
And purity of soul:
Our song a well attuned life,
A true harmonious whole.

So be it, and when clouds shall rise,
And winter tempest roll,
God of the summer, do Thou keep
A sunshine in our soul.

N.

BE EARNEST.

Be Earnest. It is the natural language of deep sincerity, and strong conviction. It commends both the laborer and his cause to the confidence and sympathy of others. It is unnatural for men to be entirely and continually earnest over trifles. The very fact, therefore, that a rational man is earnest, is, to others, *prima facie* evidence that he is occupied with something important. Men stop and listen when his earnest tones are heard. His earnest step and look meet their eye. His stirring, significant life is a rebuke to the slothfulness and inefficiency of others. His aid is solicited in every cause for the reputation his earnest spirit will impart to it, as well as for the magnitude of the service which his direct effort will render.

Be Earnest. The world is growing more and more so; at least its outward bustle and goaded activity make it appear so and render all but earnest labor quite inefficient. The dreamy life of the cloister is passing away. Men are becoming impatient of metaphysics and abstract philosophy. Without saying that we should cater to this prejudice against calm consecutive reflection; we do say that in order to effect much human good a man must make himself seen and heard and felt—through the earnestness which he shall display. If the world heed not a quiet invitation, hail it with a trumpet-summons. If a thought seem tame to its ear, let its eye be arrested by a startling deed. If the ceaseless routine of business offer it no leisure, lay hold upon God's authority and countermand the orders of worldliness.

Be Earnest. The work of life demands it. There is no place for carelessness to sleep, or for sloth to dream in the path of duty. There is much given to accomplish, and the days of labor are few. And what depends upon the performance of the task is not for time to unfold. If unfinished, it will forever testify to our folly and guilt; if well done, it will speak to us in eternal benedictions.

Be Earnest. All whom the world blesses as benefactors have been so. This was one secret of their great and glorious lives, of their mourned departure, and of their embalmed memory. They crowded their hours with holy acts, and their very musings with noble plans and purposes. Others, who are forgotten, gave promise of being as renowned, but, in their slothfulness, their names have perished:

Be Earnest, For God aids those who labor to aid themselves and others. Upon earnest, sincere activity he sheds down encouragement and success; while to the idler, both bodily and spiritual, he grants only rebukes and defeat.

Be Earnest. For the hour is coming when even our greatest earnestness will seem indifference. When the value and the influence of a true life shall be seen as they are, and as they appear to us hereafter, it will be a wonder and a regret that it has been rendered of so little comparative service; that its opportunities have been so slighted, and its work so imperfectly done. —[Morning Star.

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING!" "The business of a Christian," said Dr. Watts, during his last confinement, "is to learn the will of God as well as to do it. If I were in health, I could only be doing that, and that I may now do. The best thing in obedience is a regard to the will of God; and the way to get that, is to get our inclinations and aversions as much mortified as we can." Mr. Parker noted the following expressions as they fell from his lips: "I should be waiting to see what God will do with me. It is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'What, when and where God pleases.' If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or if God can make use of me to save a soul, and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to do, through grace, I am ready. It is a great mercy to me that I have no manner of fear or dread of death; I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without terror this afternoon or night. My chief supports are from my views of eternal things, and the interest I have in them. I trust all my sins are pardoned through the blood of Christ. I have no fear of dying; it would be my greatest comfort to lie down and sleep, and wake no more."

THE HERO AND THE PRINTER.

When Tamerlane had finished building his pryamid of seventy thousand human sculls, and was seen 'standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder,' till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that Nature was in her death throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth—the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet, it might be, on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to men than that of twenty Tamerl

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

It is with the most chastened feelings that we sit down to write on this subject. For nine months, no day has passed when our minds have not been painfully exercised by the awful tragedy which has been enacting in the midst of us. For more than a month, there has hardly been an hour of any day, and not many hours of the night, when it has not, either in our waking thoughts or our dreams, been before us. And now that it is over, we feel as if we had come out from some great affliction, and as if the whole community had been stricken by some heavy calamity, not only in the crime which was perpetrated, but in the dread necessity of deliberately setting apart a fellow being for the punishment of death, that all of us might look forward to it, picture it before us in all its preparatory stages, and be weighed down by it as the last hour came. We do not believe that any community ever awaited an event of this kind with so deep a sympathy, and such entire approval—with such unfeigned sorrow, and at the same time so firm a conviction that the law must have its way. Even those opposed to capital punishment, with here and there an exception, felt and acknowledged that in this case, if ever, the sentence of the law must be carried out. "A million of dollars," it was said, and with truth, "might have been raised to prove, if it could be proved, that the condemned man was innocent;" but these same men who would have contributed so gladly to free him from the crime, were the men who most fully approved of the trial, and who, with the saddest but most unwavering conviction of its necessity, insisted that the full legal penalty should be paid. If justice was ever administered with sorrow and with firmness, if punishment for crime was ever inflicted without any admixture of vengeance or unkindness from any person who took part in the proceedings, it was in this case. The verdict of the jury was rendered in tears. The principal witness against the accused heard the result with overpowering grief. The voice of the judge in pronouncing the sentence was almost choked with emotion. And at the closing scene, the prisoner, apparently less overcome than those around him, really sustained the officers of justice in subjecting him to what he acknowledged to be his "just doom."

If, then, capital punishment were ever to be inflicted, it was here; and if it ever can be administered in a Christian spirit, and so as to produce a salutary impression, it must have been so in this case. But is not the punishment unnecessary? Can it not be wholly banished from the laws of a Christian community? Can not the great ends of justice be secured, and yet society be saved from the shock which is caused by the legal and formal execution of a fellow being? These questions press upon us with great force, and we should rejoice, if we could, to answer them in the affirmative.

We dismiss at once the argument from the Old Testament, and especially the text, Gen: ix. 6, as having no authority over us who live under a more perfect dispensation. In the New Testament we find nothing decisive on either side. The question, then, is to be settled on broad grounds of Christian duty and public expediency.

At the outset we are met by a denial of our right to take human life. But we are as much responsible for the consequences of what we voluntarily neglect to do, as for the consequences of what we do. If by our wilful neglect a life is lost, we are as much responsible for it as if we had actively caused the same result. If we have reason to suppose that by taking the life of the murderer we shall save two innocent lives, and if with this conviction we inflict on him some inferior punishment, we become thereby responsible for the two innocent lives which are lost in consequence of our neglect. It is a fearful thing to take human life. But if death for murder is the most efficacious punishment, then the question is not whether we shall take life or not, but whether we shall take the life of the guilty, or permit the lives of the innocent to be taken, we being in both cases equally responsible for what is done. So long as there are murderers in the community, and laws requiring the death penalty are the most efficacious, we must be responsible for the taking of life either from the innocent or the guilty. The right to take human life is settled by the necessity of the case. The responsibility is one from which there is no escape.

The whole question, then, resolves itself into one of expediency. Which mode of punishment is most effectual for the prevention of murder!

There are many ways in which punishment may act in the prevention of crime. It may by its fearfulness be a terror to evil-doers, and thus directly deter from crime. In this particular there is no punishment which has such terrors for the guilty as death. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the individual condemned to die will rejoice to have his punishment commuted into any other. The direct influence, however, of the dread of punishment over hardened offenders, is only one of the smallest influences of the criminal law.

The great means of preventing crime is to be found in educating the conscience of the community. The more universal and deep seated the horror for any crime, the more effectually we shall be restrained from it. The law here comes in as one great influence in educating the conscience—in deepening through the community the dread and abhorrence of crime. Our prisons do not act merely as restraints to those within them, or those who but for them would be willing to commit crimes; but their gloomy cells, with the thought of infamy and hardship connected with them, present themselves with an appalling force to the minds of the young, and aid unconsciously, but powerfully, even in virtuous families, to establish and deepen a sense, not only of the enormity of crime, but of the sacredness of human rights.

Now, in order that the criminal administration of justice may do its best work in educating the conscience, it must, in its penalties for particular offences, be graduated as far as possible according to their enormity, and the necessity of securing society against them. The heaviest penalties must be annexed to the most aggravated offences. The proper adjustment of punishment to crimes is one of the most delicate and important offices of the legislator and the judge. In our day, imprisonment is the usual mode of punishment, and it is made to adapt itself to a great variety of crimes by its different degrees of severity, and more particularly by the different periods of time to which it is extended. For all crimes short of murder, with perhaps one exception, we have here a scale of punishments suited to all offences, and fitted, so far as legal penalties can be, to educate the community.

But murder stands apart from all other offences. The very horror which those who oppose the death-penalty feel at its infliction, proves that, in their inmost convictions, the wilful taking of life is different from any other act that man can do. If, as a punishment, death is to them so much more horrible than any other, so must it be also as a crime. Every objection made to capital punishment on the ground of the sacredness of life, applies with ten-fold power to the crime for which it was inflicted. Instead, therefore, of giving up the punishment because it is so awful a thing to take away the life of a human being, they ought rather to urge this as a strong reason for retaining it, since the horror which is reflected back from the punishment to the crime, is that which most powerfully affects the imagination, and impresses on the whole community a sense of the enormity of murder. And there is no other punishment which does or can produce the same impression of dread and horror through society, and in this way do so much to educate our children with a reverence for human life.

The more painfully, therefore, we have felt in regard to the recent execution, and the more we have seen the same feeling reaching through all classes and ages, the more thoroughly have we been convinced of its value, especially among the young, in teaching them its awful lesson. If the penalty had been only imprisonment for life, where would have been the deep and terrible solemnity that marked all the proceedings of the trial, and that went out from the court-house, day by day, into every village through the land? Who that was present, or that followed the daily reports of the press, did not feel that, in the question of life or death which was there pending, that tribunal, with the law under which it was acting, was invested with a majesty more affecting and more awful—that it was speaking of the sacredness of life with a voice more penetrating, and an authority more imposing, more impressive, and more powerfully enforcing the great law of God, "Thou shalt do no murder," than it could do if confined in its decision to any inferior penalties! With its fearful solemnities and sanctions, the voice of Justice entered every home, and taught a lesson, which all that has since taken place has served only to deepen and to fix forever in the mind.

It is in this way, principally, that we regard the efficacy of the law. If capital punishment is no more terrible than any other, why shrink from inflicting it? If, as we believe, it does strike a deeper horror through the community, this is precisely what is needed in order to sustain in the public mind a just abhorrence of murder. It is not by way of vengeance or retaliation, nor principally as a terror to those who are already hardened, but as a great and effective means of educating the public conscience, that we would retain the death-penalty. Without it, we can make out no scale of punishments so wide as to give to the crime of murder the peculiar pre-eminence which belongs to it, and keep the conscience in a healthy state, by maintaining some degree of correspondence between the punishment and the crime.

Were it not for this, we should have no hesitation in advocating the removal of the death-penalty at once. No one has a more nervous dread of the sight of the gallows, or a more deeply rooted repugnance to capital punishment, than we. But our repugnance to murder is infinitely stronger, and therefore the greater our abhorrence of the penalty within certain limits, the more readily do we acquiesce in it as a just and fitting retribution—just, because in some measure proportioned to the crime; and fitting, because of a kind to awaken and keep alive through the community a sense of the sacredness of life, unless forfeited by the most terrible of crimes.

We have here presented a part of one side of the subject. We may at a future time give some of the reasons on the other side, as the editors are not of one opinion.

[It will do us all good to dwell on the following beautiful sketch of a beautiful life.]

MISS METCALF.

[Addressed to the Managers of Employment Society No. 2, Providence, in memory of their first President, Miss Sophia Metcalf, who died July 29th, 1850.]

We are full of memories of our friend, who has so recently left us. It may be a relief to express some of the thoughts that are pressing upon our hearts, and it is fitting that some record, however imperfect, should be made *here*, of the many and varied excellencies of one who has so well presided over our meetings, whose judgment has guided us so wisely, and so successfully, and whose influence we hope will ever remain with us. We are reminded of the words of Holy writ, "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!" From the house she so abundantly blessed; from mother, and brothers, and sisters; from the dwellings of the poor, where she was so gladly welcomed; from the Sabbath school, to which she was so devoted; from the social gathering, to which her presence was like "a benediction;" from the religious gathering, from gatherings like this, from the hearts of the many to whom she was the beloved counsellor and cherished friend, has "the strong staff" been taken away.

The grief is wide and deep, and will be lasting. We shall miss our friend always. We shall always need her. We do not know of any one who can fill her place; we do not wish to have it filled. We would rather think she is with us in spirit, and listen to her counsels and words of hope and encouragement. There were seldom any other words spoken to us by her, there *can* be none other now. We have had many thoughts of our friend's character, and one has truly said, "There was nothing in it we would alter." We would not indulge in flattering words, her spirit of truth and humility would rebuke us; but for our benefit we would meditate upon the traits that made her character so beautiful and valuable, her influence so high and wide-spread, and her loss so irreparable.

She seemed to us eminently spiritual. There was no self-dependence. All the time was she practically saying, "When I am weak, then am I strong." The spirit of her life is well expressed by the Psalmist, "I love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress: my God, my strength, in whom I will trust." Her religion was not of ordinances, or times, or places, or seasons, or impulses. It was of the heart and life. It was prayer and labor, a steady abiding principle, the principle of her Master, of self-sacrifice and devotion to others. When she thought of herself at all, it was to find out her capacity for suffering by weary experience, to mourn over her low attainments in Christian life, to strive for patience in bodily weakness and pain. She longed for more health, that she might labor the more for others. We question whether there could be found a more diligent, steadfast, conscientious laborer in the Master's field, for many years, than our friend.

We love to recall the universal benevolence—not only of the life, but of the heart. We all remember how it shone out from the face. She was so patient with weakness and sin and folly, she mourned, and grieved over, and struggled with, the evil of the world, but she did not despair of it. She prayed for it. She could always find [illegible] when she had "cast her burden upon the Lord" was upon her. She could always smile upon us, because [illegible] the Lord" was upon her. She [illegible] strange that others showed their [illegible] and wavering, and worldly; she was [illegible] herself to do that. She prayed for them, and trusted grace would be given them to overcome. There was a so apprehensiveness about her mind and heart, that enabled her to understand and sympathize with frail, tempted, many-sided humanity, and so to many hearts her loss can never be made up, there will be none to understand them, as our friend did. May they remember her counsels, and feel her "presence near," in their spirit's hour of need.

Of all her goodness to the poor, we need not speak. In their lowly dwellings *they* will remember her long and gratefully, and now it may be given her to know the good she has accomplished, where, it may be, her own heart has almost failed her, and she could only sow the seed, trusting to God to bring it to light and life. Let us too labor, and then share her reward, of knowing we have not labored in vain.

Perhaps the most remarkable of our friend's powers was her judgment. It was wisdom. It made every one that came within reach of her influence, eventually dependent upon her, and equal with her wisdom was her retiring modesty. She was no "manager" merely. She never wished to "lead." She never obtruded her ideas. We remember with what deference she asked others' opinion, and listened to them, offering her own more as suggestions to be considered. Our meetings must lose their greatest charm, in the absence of her calm, pleasant presence. God grant her gentle conciliating spirit be with us always. It may be, we depended upon her too much, and now our "strong staff" is taken away, taken from us visibly; but can we not follow her! and may not that be another object of her departure? It was time for her to go: "Some vacant mission of love in heaven waited her acceptance, and her Master said to her, 'Friend, go up higher!'" We will let her go without murmuring, and cheerfully as we can. The day of heaven has broken upon her.

"Thy soul its welcome has received,
Thy strength shall never fail."

O, doubt not she is laboring there. She could not be happy, except she was "about her Father's business;" doubt not others are happier because she is there; doubt not she is altogether happy herself, for she is with the Father and the Son.

"Raying light, she stands in Heaven's clear day,
Girt for an onward and victorious way;
Whom God has housed, wouldst thou call back, to brave
Anew the storms of life, from which thou canst not save?"

No, we will leave her there, and work diligently in the field she has left, and may portions of her spirit be with us, her wisdom, her patience, her kindness, her self-sacrifice, and her humility that knew no self-dependence, that crossed the hands below the bowed head and above the bended knee.

Providence, September.

SHORT READINGS FROM OLD WRITERS.

In early life we read Jeremy Taylor for his poetry; afterwards as a practical guide in our religious experience; then as a clear and profound instructer in ethics and theology; and now when we take up his writings we hardly read a page without feeling his excellence in all these respects. At first it might seem as if he were diffuse, but there are few writers who have condensed more wisdom into a narrow compass. The question has been often asked and discussed largely, which of two sins a man had better commit. Jeremy Taylor settles the whole controversy in a single sentence.

"If the case should be so put, that we must either commit sacrilege or tell a spiteful lie, kill a man or speak unclean words, then it might be of use to consider which is the greater, which is less, that, of evils we might choose the less: but this case can never be, for no man is ever brought to that necessity, that he must choose one sin; for he can choose to die before he shall do either, and that is the worst that he can be put to."

Between two sins, "there is no difference in our choice that can be considerable, for we must never choose either; and therefore beforehand to compare them together, whereof neither is to be preferred before the other, is to lay a snare for ourselves, and make us apt to one [sin] by undervaluing it, and calling it less than others, that affright us more."

Without Jeremy Taylor's affluence of mind, Richard Baxter had his religious spirit, and it is because of that spirit that his writings have had such an almost unrivalled popularity. No book in our language, except the Bible, has perhaps brought comfort to more hearts than the Saint's Rest. The very title is a recommendation not to be resisted, and the book speaks from a deep and heavenly experience. It does not carry us along by the music of its words and thoughts like Jeremy Taylor's divine prose, neither does it instruct us as he does, but it does much to awaken our religious feelings, and to make us pause and think solemnly on religious things. How can we get over a sentence like this? "If God were as willing to be absent from us, as we from him, and as loth to be our rest, as we to rest in him, we should be left to an eternal restless separation." We think of Baxter as gloomy and ascetic in his religion. But he would have us enter into its enjoyements, and be lifted up by emotions of gladness and praise. "O the sinful folly of many of the saints, who drench their spirits in continual sadness, and waste their days in complaints and groans, and so make themselves, both in body and mind, unfit for this sweet and heavenly work! Instead of joining with the people of God in his praises, they are questioning their worthiness and studying their miseries; and so rob God of his glory, and themselves of their consolation." "I advise thee, as a further help to this heavenly life, not to neglect the due care of thy bodily health. When the body is sick, and the spirits languish, how heavily do we move in the thoughts and joys of heaven." "If your hope dies, your duties die, your endeavors die, your joys die and your souls die. Therefore when thou art winding up thy affections to heaven, forget not to give one lift to thy hope." "Draw yet nearer, O my soul, with thy most fervent love. All the mercies that have filled up my life, all the places that ever I abode in, all the societies and persons I have been conversant with, all my employments and relations, every condition I have been in, and every change I have passed through: all tell me, that the fountain is overflowing goodness. Lord, what a sum of love am I indebted to thee. Though I cannot say as the Apostle, thou knowest that I love thee; yet I can say, Lord, thou knowest that I would love thee." "My God is willing, if I were but willing. He is delighted in my delights. He would have it my constant frame and daily business to be near him in my believing meditations, and to live in the sweetest thoughts of his goodness."

It is well for us to dwell on words like these till their humble and heavenly spirit has entered our hearts.

[For the Register.]

Looking Before and After.

How oft by passion or by interest led
Men see not that they purpose 'till 't is done!
The string is snapt, the fatal arrow sped,
And to its mark it flies unerring on.
Look not before thee merely, but behind;
See how thy deed when finished will appear;
Like him who some fair temple has designed,
And views complete ere men a column rear.
And see thy work as it shall one day stand
Before thy spirit's pure, unclouded sight;
No longer subject to thy mortal hand,
And in Eternity's unchanging light;
Say doth it then with added glory shine?
Then boldly act, thy deed is all divine.

J. V.

[For the Register.]

Messrs. Editors,—Through the politeness of a friend, who sends it to me, I occasionally see your paper. The remarks upon Rhyme and Poetry in last week's Register, won my eye; and—excepting some slight difference of opinion on matters of criticism not necessary to be mentioned here—(if you will pardon the gratuitousness of the observation) my approval. However, the writer of the article seems not to have made a reflection obvious to a reader, viz:—that the poetical or rhymetical contributors to a paper are not responsible for the integrity of its muse—whatever personal account they may have to render. That burthen the editor must bear—that debateable corner of the paper—the Poet's—should express his poetical taste, and no good name should shield its owner from exclusion, when his performance is discreditable. There is no art or profession that does not present the unlovely spectacle of unfortunates out of their spheres. I had not dared to reflect upon such, believing that God and time take care of all; but in this instance I feel bold to encourage you to adopt as your motto, "rigor, hence vigor." But for my part, I should be content with the rigor of merciless exclusion, rather than that of acceptance and after comments, however just and admirable.

The above we acknowledge to be very good. The judicial coolness of the remarks might seem to point to a writer quite unaccustomed to the mental intensities of the "divine art;" and yet we will engage to immolate the very next poetical contribution sent us, over our study candle, at a venture, if the individual should not turn out to be—1, a poet; 2, a poet that sometimes writes for some newspaper; 3, a very clever and ingenious poet, into the bargain. Be it recorded, then, as our full confession, that we *are* responsible for the *poeticality* of the poetry printed in the Register; and that every editor is in a similar position, in regard to his own journal. We mean to govern ourselves accordingly. We hope all the deserving persons, young and old, whose thoughts exhibit a proclivity to flow in numbers, will be willing to take up the burden of a corresponding frankness and conscientiousness, by abstaining from any absolutely aimless versification; when we fail to publish what they write, comforting themselves under the ready shelter provided in the above remarks, viz:—the reflection that what we insert expresses "*our* poetical taste." It is something to have gained this understanding. If any of our readers suppose, however, that all the four editors sit in solemn judgment over every stanza that appears in our columns, they are in error. And, if in the wide range of our liberty, [illegible] should happen to present our views on the [illegible] service of the muse, among other topics, [illegible] will at take it as good-naturedly [illegible] above.

RECEPTION OF JENNY LIND.

Within this week the Swedish Singer has sung for the first time in America. Judged by an absolute standard of taste—if there is any such thing—or even by the highest generally accepted standard of men in full possession of their sober senses, the demonstrations of our New York neighbors in connection with the arrival and first appearance of this unrivalled cantatrice, must doubtless be pronounced a little ridiculous. We ventured to pronounce them, last week, at the hazard of having our head cleft open in some unexpected moment by some delirious young friend, an exhibition of vulgar enthusiasm.

But there should be, for the sake of the effect on the public mind, and for the sake of simple truth, a certain discrimination. If we treat all outbursts of extravagant admiration, for all sorts of celebrated persons, as equally absurd or equally reprehensible, then we do something to obliterate important moral distinctions. We weaken the force of our just censure of what is really bad.

In the presence of abundant private and public affirmative evidence, of a nature quite satisfactory to us, and in the absence of any show of proof to the contrary, we shall presume Miss Lind to be a young woman, not only of an unexceptionable, but of a singularly pure, elevated and disinterested character. Incidents in her personal history, indirect and spontaneous indications of her disposition, signs of rare simplicity, naturalness and independent power, as well as the methods in which her genius has manifested itself before the public, have interested us inevitably and exceedingly. She is that thing too seldom seen—if we may not say that splendid wonder—a woman of brilliant gifts, acting for years on the sphere of a world-wide celebrity, and subject to the adulations and other evils of an exciting and exposed profession, yet preserving through all an immaculate honor, and the child-like tenderness of a heart impenetrable to flattery.

Now we are not ignorant that a considerable proportion of the enthusiasm so noisily *exhibited* for this person, has no reference whatever to anything that she is, or has done, or has been reported to have done, or can do. It has as little relation to the goodness of her life as to the powers of her voice and her knowledge of music. In the minds of a great many of the crowd that thronge Broadway, pursues her carriage, besieges her lodgings, and screams hurrahs at a sight of her countenance, there is probably no conscious regard whatever to her actual merits. The feeling is the spontaneous and contagious product of the occasion—the effect of numbers, sympathy and animal exhilaration. As far as it is based on any actual quality of hers, if we were to attempt to designate the precise power that chiefly moves the multitude we should suppose it to be her known and felt ability to command an audience, irrespective of the means. In other words, one multitude shouts and throws up hats exactly and simply because she has swayed and excited other multitudes before, and bids fair to do it again. Nor is it to be disguised that a larger influence than the distant public will be likely to imagine, in the getting up of these proceedings, is to be traced to the wires pulled by the cunning fingers of that prince of prime movers, that adroit player on the public pulse and purse, that supple scene-shifter, that arch-Yankee, Mr. Barnum.

But making due allowance for all this, there must be ackowledged to be a wide difference between this instance of popular adulation, and a great many that have preceded it. Among those who participate in it, or encourage it, there are not a few who have some dim appreciation, at least, of grand music and heavenly charity. And even in the most superficial and thoughtless of them, is it unreasonable to suppose there must be some recurrence of the thought—what manner of person it is that they are so delighting to honor? And when this happens, is it not better that the image called up should be that of a spotless and generous life, than a corrupt and selfish one? Is it not better to pay homage to a benevolent hand, than a bloody one? to an artist, than to a tyrant or a drunken politician? to a fountain of "concord of sweet sounds," than to a breast full of "strategy and spoils?" Most of these woman-worshippers are young men. Are they not doing quite as well, in following hard after the transfigured songstress, however much to her annoyance, and even in conspiring with the cupidity of her chambermaid for gleaning the stray gatherings of her hair-brush at a premium of five dollars a hair, as the followers of Cæsar's chariot, or George the Fourth's hearse? Is there no ground of rational congratulation that the Jenny Lind of to-day is not the Fanny Elssler of yesterday, nor the Phryne, nor Cleopatra, nor Aspasia, nor even the actual counterparts of Madame De Stael's Corinne, of other times.

Besides, in a community like ours, where the tendencies to a hard, calculating, sordid, dollar-and-cent type of character are so appallingly obstinate, we have no very serious objection to seeing large masses of the public occasionally unsettled from their thrifty habits for a moment, and carried away by a burst of mere sympathetic emotion. The scenes now being enacted in our sister-city, and soon to be acted over, probably, in our own, need not make us groan with despair at the prospects of humanity, though some of us may be obliged to laugh at our next-door neighbors.

Let all who are open to a word of counsel, however, remember this, that the *most* sincere and profound sense of this wonderful singer's power, will be quiet in its manifestation; and nobody is more apprised of this than her ladyship herself. A friend of ours, who was present, has related to us an occurrence that was to her own heart, perhaps, the most overwhelming triumph of her professional career. On the evening of the jubilee of the king's birthday, at Berlin, about two years ago, she was singing in the opera of Der Freyschutz. Every circumstance attending the performance was adapted to create the most intense excitement. The assembly was brilliant in the highest degree—comprising the king himself, the nobility, and a host of artists and professors, as well as of representatives of every class of the people. In two or three *arias* the Prima Donna sang absolutely alone, unsupported by a single instrument in the orchestra. The interest of the entire audience was beyond all description. And yet at the conclusion of her most celestial strain, long after the last note had brought its dying echo from the lofty arches of the theatre, a silence, undisturbed by a whisper, or change of position, or an averted eye, possessed every corner of the house.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE PSALMS.

Great embarrassment is sometimes occasioned in the attempt to verify quotations from the Psalms, in consequence of the difference as to their arrangement between Protestant versions generally and the Vulgate, which is cited by all writers of the Romanist faith. Protestant versions have for the most part been made directly from the Hebrew. In the Vulgate the Septuagint was often followed where it varied from the Hebrew, as it did in the numbering of the Psalms. Psalms, IX. and X. in the Hebrew constitute one Psalm in the Septuagint, as is the case also with Psalms, CXIV. and CXV. On the other hand Psalms, CXVI. and CXLVII. are each divided into two in the Septuagint, which thus contains the hundred and fifty, the same number with the Hebrew. This statement will enable our readers to identify the references to the Psalms by Romanist authors. For lack of this slight item of information, gross blunders have been made even by authors of distinguished accuracy; and we have had our attention recently directed to a very essential mistake, resulting from this cause, in a great historical work, so carefully prepared, that we should be surprised to learn that it contained another error.

A YOUNG MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

One of a young man's greatest moral dangers results from the unconsciousness of his responsibilities. There is a time when a man, if he lives long enough, becomes aware of his influence, of the degree to which the interests of others are confided to him, of his position in society, of the importance of his opinions and example. But with many this time comes too late, after the habits are fixed, whereas a sense of responsibility is most of all needed while the habits are shaping themselves. We see young men commencing business on their own account, becoming heads of families, employers, active citizens,—yet very often remaining mere boys as regards any settled aim or purpose, picking up their opinions rather than forming them, happening into their habits instead of moulding them, making home a scene of enjoyment rather than a post of weighty care and momentous trust, and postponing their view of the serious side of life till some dark dispensation of Providence absolutely forces it upon them. Those, who thus enter life, hardly ever grow into their true place, their full measure of duty and sphere of influence. When they can no longer evade the sense of their responsibility, they discharge it imperfectly and faultily, are capricious where they should be consistent, yielding where they should be firm, selfish where they should be generous. It is generally deemed a solemn thing to die. In the sight of heaven may it not be even a more solemn thing to live, and to have constantly growing out of our own lives, those relations of example and influence, in which every year connects us more and more for good or evil with so many other lives,—with so many immortal souls that must bear the impress of our duty or our negligence, of our discretion or our waywardness! We would have every young man feel that he already occupies a place of high and momentous trust, and that with every onward step in life new and more sacred obligations are imposed upon him, and a weightier commission delegated to him from on high. We would have him rejoice in his youth; for neither God nor man is served by a forced solemnity or a disfigured countenance. But we would have him remember that for him the judgment sits and the law of accountability is in full force, that thus he may have no cause in old age or in eternity to mourn over the joy of youth or time.

Notices of New Publications.

Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions. By Edward Everett. Second Edition. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1850.

These are remarkable volumes. We know of none like them. They contain eighty-one speeches, made during twenty-six years, nearly all of them on literary anniversaries, educational gatherings, at the celebration of historical events, or at public festivals. With few exceptions, their object is, not to communicate knowledge, nor to maintain by argument disputed truths, but rather to give expression to the prevailing sentiment of the occasion which drew together the assembly which the orator addressed. They were essentially holiday speeches, and we suppose the literature of no country can furnish so many from one man, characterized by such general elevation of thought and such exquisite finish. It is a kind of oratory which has been more successfully cultivated in this country than in any other, and by no man with such success as the author of these volumes.

Mr. Everett is essentially a rhetorician, and unless France may furnish one or two exceptions, the most accomplished living. And though this may not imply the highest order of mind, it does imply very various and superior intellectual gifts, and personal qualities. Whatever is requisite for rhetorical success, Mr. Everett possesses. To the most varied culture he adds an immense and various learning, a memory equally retentive and prompt, great facility and felicity of expression, a ready power of association, and a wit and humor which seem always to be ready when the occasion calls for them. No knight rode in the tournament arrayed in more glittering armor, or more dexterous in the use of his weapons. He has enough of imagination—he has the quick and kindling sensibilities without which there is no eloquence; and above all he shows a wonderfully quick perception of the state of mind in those whom he addresses. He seems to have more than a double share of nerves in his fingers' ends. If there be truth in animal magnetism, he ought to be one of the most impressible. He possesses that greatest of charms, an exquisite voice, round, swelling, full of melody, particularly emotional, naturally grave, and with a touch almost of melancholy in some of its cadences, but like all such emotional voices, admirably suited to the expression of humor, and of rising from a touching pathos, into the most stirring, thrilling and triumphant tones. There is such harmony between thought and style, manner and voice, that each gives force to the other, and all unite in one effect on the hearer.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett have been orators selected at different times for similar occasions, and this has sometimes caused them to be compared together. The comparison is unjust to both. Mr. Everett is for these festival occasions what Mr. Webster is for more serious emergencies. Wherever Mr. Webster is present and takes a decided part, he makes the occasion. Mr. Everett does not create occasions, but he ornaments them, crowns them, gives them a voice and becomes their interpreter. If Mr. Webster's style has a far firmer and also finer fibre, his thoughts a broader reach,—if his emotions soar to a greater height, and if his eloquence is of a much higher and more commanding order, it is scarcely more perfect in its place and of its kind. He who would see what Mr. Webster is, must see him on some great crisis, in the American Senate. What he is there, Mr. Everett is in Academic Halls, and on anniversary or commemorative occasions.

But with the exception of Mr. Webster, on all occasions where there is no antagonism, where the victory is won, where only friends are present, and where little is wanted, but that a feeling already existing in the mass should have expression given to it, or a flagging zeal be quickened, or the reasons for views already accepted be clearly and gracefully set forth, Mr. Everett is the orator of the time. No other man is endowed with such felicity of historical allusion, with such tact in the selection of topics, and with such unfailing skill in the use of his materials. One peculiarity of Mr. Everett is, that he never fails. Whenever he rises to speak, one may be certain that his speech will be of a high order; that there will be no breaks or infelicities, that it will be just what the occasion demands, but what no one else like him had the faculty of discovering. The audience is always certain that the best things are to be said in the best manner; and we suspect that the occasion has never been known, on which his hearers were disappointed or weary.

Mr. Everett's position in American literature is a singular one. Few have done so much for its advancement; and yet many have written what will be much longer remembered. He has made no decided impression on the *thought* of the time. He is not so much a thinker, as a brilliant expounder of other men's thoughts. He ought to be perpetual secretary of the French Academy. No even Fontenelle, or Condorcet, or Arago could better set forth new ideas, nor prepare more discriminating and beautiful Academical Eulogies. But if he is not an original thinker, no one since Buckminster or Kirkland has done so much in New England to foster literary enthusiasm among the young, and to maintain a high standard of literary culture; and few have done so much to make American literature known and honored abroad.

If Mr. Everett's speeches do not belong to the highest class, they are almost perfect of their kind. It seems as if Cicero in our day and under similar circumstances might have spoken like him. His speeches might be made studies. They are master pieces—not of thought, or logic, though of these there is always as much as the time demands—but of rhetoric. The most remarkable characteristic is their adaptation to the occasion, in thought, facts, allusions, style, manner. He leaves behind him the feeling that he has perfectly accomplished what he intended and what was demanded. No one ever held an audience in more willing slavery, or had a greater power of sending, on a few appropriate words, the spirit of the occasion flashing through his hearer's hearts. Those who heard will never forget the peroration of his Phi Beta Oration in 1824, when turning to LaFayette, who was present, he exclaimed,—"Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores," and proceeding on at length concluded with, "Welcome, welcome, LaFayette." The conclusion of his eulogy on LaFayette in Faneuil Hall, in 1834, is equally striking. A portrait of Washington on the wall and a bust of LaFayette on the platform, will explain some of the allusions. After saying that the great principle of the revolutionary fathers and of the pilgrims—the love of liberty protected by law—was the rule of LaFayette's life, he makes past history, and the associations of the place where they are assembled, and the memorial rites in which they are engaged, repeat the lesson. "Blood which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days!" "Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us *the love of liberty protected by law!*"

There is not a page of these two volumes from which might not be derived illustrations of a graceful and forcible style. We open at this moment to a speech on Temperance; and what can be more perfect than the sentence on which the eye rests, either for grace or condensation? He is describing the causes of intemperance. "The social circle, the stated club, the long-protracted sitting at the board on public occasions, the midnight festivities of private assemblies,—these, nine cases out of ten, teach men the fatal alphabet of intemperance; surprise them into their first excesses; break down the sense of shame; establish a sympathy of conscious frailty; and thus lead them on by degrees, to habitual, and at length craving, solitary, and fatal indulgence."

What is better than its rhetoric, the temperance movement has produced few essays or speeches, which in spirit and manner are of equal value to this.

We intended to have made some quotations from his literary orations,—such, for example, as his description of the death-bed of Copernicus—a description which has inspired one of our artists (Wm. A. Wall) in the production of one of his best pictures. We are, however, making this article too long.

In looking over these volumes one is struck by a moral progress visible in them. The speeches become constantly more in earnest and more self-forgetting. The first are simply splendid orations, whose chief result is to delight the audience and secure admiration for the orator. These are succeeded by such addresses as the one on Temperance, and those on Normal Schools. His later speeches are pitched on a far higher key, both of thought and sentiment. His address when inaugurated as President of the University, his speeches on Aid to the Colleges, the speech before the Bible Society, and others within a few years past, are characterized by a breadth and sobriety and a reflective movement far beyond what is found in his earlier productions. We should make extracts from them, but they were nearly all republished in the Register when they were delivered. On the whole, there are none of his speeches which we should sooner select as exhibiting the highest qualities, both of thought and sentiment, than the last two which he has delivered, one published in the Register two or three weeks since, before the Cambridge High School, and the other at the recent celebration in Charlestown. We regret that neither of them is contained in these volumes.

The fact that these speeches are the best of their class must, of itself, secure to them for a time a decided and recognized place in the Literature of the country. They constitute, however, but a frail ark for bearing the reputation of the writer down to succeeding generations. When dissociated from his manner, they will lose much of their power. And beside this, every year, in separating them from the circumstances under which they were delivered, will diminish their value, by diminishing the reader's sense of their wonderful appropriateness. Had one half the labor, and scholarship, and taste, and genius which are in these volumes, or which they imply, been expended in preparing a single work containing a complete and thorough treatment of any subject of permanent interest or utility, the author would have done much more than he has done, to secure a fixed place in literary history.

Mr. Everett proposes to publish a selection from articles by him in the North American Review, and from his political speeches, reports and official correspondence. Such a collection would be honorable to himself and to the country, and would especially, we suppose, be a most valuable addition to political literature. He has, however, as yet done nothing which comes upto the universal and, as we believe, just estimate of his ability. We trust that he will complete the work which he announces is in progress, on "The Law of Nations." It is on this, we suspect, that his reputation hereafter is to depend. We doubt if there be any man living better qualified for such a work by the extent and peculiarity of his attainments, the calm and judicial character of his mind, and his large acquaintance with men and affairs. In multifarious learning,—in the early maturity of his powers and in the variety of his labors,—in diversity of gifts,—in as large and varied, though far happier experience of life, he might almost be regarded as the rival of Grotius. We see no reason why he should not produce a treatise on International Law of such value as to give his name a place beside that of the author of the great work on *War and Peace.*

We cannot close this notice without referring to the admirable style in which these volumes are published—an excellence shared, however, by all works issued by Little & Brown.

Specimens of Newspaper Literature: with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By Joseph T. Buckingham, Boston; Little & Brown. 1850. 2 vols. 12 mo., pp 696.

This is a book that was wanted. It is quite time that it was written. The most suitable person to prepare it has taken the task in hand. We ought to thank him for doing it, and for doing it well;—besides offering us the encouragement that the materials which he has gathered for a third volume may also see the light. Newspapers are the most ephemeral of all the forms of letters. Their very name implies this, for how can news maintain their character beyond their day? The sheets are thrown aside, for the most part, as soon as they are read. Only a few copies of each are preserved, to be piled up and put away in some obscurest place, for the possible research of the curious at some distant time. And yet these newspapers are a whole literature in themselves; composed with great and various pains-taking, and of an importance that not only does not cease with their freshness, but gains in some respects from year to year. They show more authentically than anything else some of the forms of the past. They record details that make the old times alive again; moving before us in dresses that have since been laid aside, and warm with the passions that went to sleep long ago. They are full of pleasant anecdotes that have not risen into the dignity of history, but are none the less agreeable on that account; many of them hastening into oblivion, and many already gone there. Now we think that we are under obligations to any one who will call out the spirit from these hidden repositories, and set it talking to us. The young will be thus instructed in many things about their fathers, which they would not else have learned; and older readers will take pleasure in retracing the memories of former impressions.

Mr. Buckingham is one of the veterans of the press, and has deserved well of a pretty long generation. We remember him as a publisher thirty-five years ago, and were struck at that time with the serious views and large aims that led him to choose the best books for re-publication, and to take pride in presenting them in a form as worthy of them as he could. Lowth's Isaiah, printed in 1815, is a good example of this. As the conductor of an influential journal, which he edited from day to day for a long period, he showed marked ability, and an unconquerable diligence and spirit; raising the Boston Courier to a distinguished place among its contemporaries. His independence of mind and tenacity of opinion,—with rather a rough way sometimes of displaying them,—conduced more to bring him into public notice than to advance his private fortune. It cannot be denied that they have carried him through his full share of obloquy, and that they have made the good qualities of his heart most unjustly misapprehended in many instances. But men come, after a while, to live down that kind of injury. If he has encountered troubles and hostility, he has at least done sturdy battle; and wherein he has made sacrifices of any sort, we hope and believe that they are not without their compensations to him.

Mr. B. tells us in his preface to these volumes, that "they make no pretensions to a high literary character;" being "the production of one, who had no advantages of education, but such as were supplied by the District Schools in Connecticut, more than sixty years ago, and before he was ten years old." He does not need to have us tell him, nor will it be told him now for the first time, that he is the acknowledged master of an uncommonly pure style of writing the English language; and that he

can teach many of the most learned, in that respect. If "the printing-office was his academy," it has found him a most apt pupil, and done more for him than the Universities have done for great numbers of their sons. "His own unaided efforts" have achieved a degree of "literary qualification," which might well be looked upon with envious regret, not only by many an indolent scholar, but by a large host of the busiest writers of this age of the pen.

A Letter to a Friend. By John G. Palfrey.

It would ill become us to take any part in the controversy, personal and political, which has so long agitated the Fourth Congressional District. We perhaps might differ among ourselves as to some of the side issues, that have almost superseded the questions of national policy involved in the tripartite division of the electors of that District. But our respect and affection for Dr. Palfrey as a teacher and friend have given us a deep interest in this autobiographical pamphlet, in which he fully vindicates the strenuous integrity of purpose, the unselfish adherence to what he deems the Right and the True, which all who have ever known him know to be inseparable from his character. We are glad also that the public should be apprized of what has been no secret to us, that Dr. Palfrey left his original profession, less by his own deliberate choice than through the pressure of circumstances but partly under his control, that he has not deserted it in heart, and that he is devoting to the cause of biblical literature the industrious leisure of his present retirement.

Researches Respecting Americus Vespucius, and his Voyages. By the Viscount Santarem. Translated by E. V. Childe. Boston: Little & Brown.

A small and carefully prepared volume to show that Americus is not entitled to the great distinction which the name of our continent has bestowed upon him.

"Lily of the Valley." Edited by Miss Livermore. Written principally by Authors of the Universalist Denomination, but Unsectarian in its Tone. Sold by B. H. Greene.

This has the honor of being the first of the annuals for 1851. It is prepared with taste, and can hardly fail of being both useful and popular.

Shakspeare.

Phillips & Sampson have published Nos. 22 and 23 of their excellent edition of Shakspeare—containing the first and second parts of "King Henry Sixth."

Can a Sinner be saved without a Saviour? In all the published reports of the conversations held by Rev. Dr. Putman, with Prof. Webster, as his "spiritual adviser." we regret to notice, that there is not *the slightest reference to a Saviour.*

. . . . . .

We should suppose that under the solemn responsibilities of his position as the official and the only spiritual counsellor of Prof. Webster—the only counsellor of a man convicted of the highest crime known to our laws, and who was very soon to suffer an ignominious death, Dr. Putnam must have found it in his heart, to point him to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Dr. Putnam, it appears pronounced Prof. Webster to be a true penitent and prepared for death; but how he could be a penitent and prepared for heaven, while he made *nothing* of Jesus Christ or of his Atonement, we cannot well conceive upon any doctrinal hypothesis which is current among us.—Unitarians of all grades we suppose profess to believe, that the person called Jesus Christ in the Scriptures *did something* to facilitate our salvation, and as a corollary from this theory it was certainly appropriate and important, that *that something*, whatever it was, should have been communicated to Prof. Webster as the ground of his pardon and his hope. Standing before God and man as one of the "chiefest of sinners," it would naturally be expected, that his chosen "spiritual adviser" would open to him with great clearness and power, *what it was* which Christ did to save the guilty, and that Prof. Webster himself would anxiously and particularly inquire *what agency Christ had* in preparing the way for the salvation of men, and *what feelings* he must himself exercise towards Him that he might avail himself of the benefits of His merciful mediation. But so far as appears, both the teacher and the pupil,

"So warm on meaner themes,
Were cold on this."

The above sentences are from the Christian Times. We copy them as the only comments of the kind that we have seen. In the same paper from which they are taken, we are told that Dr. Webster spent his last afternoon and evening in reading the Scriptures, which, for months, had been his principal reading. What better source of religious instruction, under the same awful circumstances, could the Chrstian Times point out? If the prisoner could not learn the way of salvation there, where could he learn it? Or how could the last night of his life be more fittingly employed than in reading the Scriptures and in prayer? As to Dr. Putnam's instructions, he spent many hours with the prisoner, but no report of their conversations has been published. Who, then, is this that takes it on himself to judge of and condemn his conduct? Whoever he may be, he knows nothing of the course pursued, and therefore is utterly incompetent to pass judgment.

As a matter of fact, we happen to know, and to know with certainty, that in the last week of his life Dr. Webster received, and read with much care, Dr. Nehemiah Adams's able pamphlet on The Atonement, and covered the margin and the blank leaves with his notes. He was then furnished, by his own request, with Dr. Gannett's Tract on the same subject. He studied that with the same care, and then declared his entire concurrence and satisfaction with Dr. Gannett's views and conclusions. He said that the Unitarian views of Christianity gave him repentance, peace and hope, and he trusted that the strength and fortitude, thus derived, would not fail him in his last hour. We have seen that they did not. He said that if the testimony of such a sinner as he could be of any value to other miserable sinners, he would gladly declare what faith it was that sustained him, and cheered his last days; but he supposed that any thing from him, on that subject, would be worse than valueless, and he therefore shrank from any public declaration. His only fear, during the last few days of his life, was that his religious peace and comfort were too great for one who had been so great a transgressor. Was this fear inconsistent with a true Christian humility, or rather a proof of it?

We beg the *Congregational Journal*, whose article on this subject we had not seen when the above was written, to notice these facts. But we must ask not to be obliged to carry on a sectarian controversy at the foot of the gallows.

A Want of Religious Books in the West.

[Extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Conant, one of our Western preachers, to the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.]

"With reference to what I said in my last letter about books for gratuitous circulation, I was not thinking of an appropriation from the Association for that object, but only such specific donations of money as you speak of, or of books given by individuals for free circulation. I shall be glad to be remembered as one of your agents for the distribution of any books that may be given for gratuitous circulation, and should like especially a new supply of Sunday School books. The call for these is coming to me from many places, and my supply is gone. I sold a few books at the Christian Conference, which I have just attended, and gave away some. But my principal work in this line was the circulation of the Liberal Preacher, the Monthly Miscellany, the Monthly Religious Magazine, the Scriptural Interpreter, and the Western Messenger—several hundred numbers of which I put in the hands of ministers and delegates of churches to read and circulate in the central and southern portions of Illinois. Space and time would fail me were I to attempt a recital of what I hear of the spread of truth through this instrumentality. And the work done by our publications is among the most intelligent and influential minds of the community. My heart is cheered and strengthened by reports of this kind. And it seems a privilege, for which I cannot be too grateful, that I can in this way, through the liberality of others, impart the blessings of spiritual life to my fellow-men. And this joy is not confined to one, or a few, but a multitude of agents and recipients feel its influence, and every receiver becomes in some degree a helper. But I need not speak to you of this. I wish every one, whom God has blessed with the means, could fully realize the importance of spreading the light of the blessed Gospel as we receive it, and the truth of that saying, it is more blessed to give than to receive; and could feel the value of the good in their hands, when they have the means to spread the pure and elevated thoughts of Channing and Ware to enrich the souls of men."

Orphan Asylum.—This favorite charity of many of the most benevolent citizens and ladies of Boston has been in beneficent operation, doing its work of good, half a century. The coming anniversary service is to be held at the Chauncy Place Church, instead of at the Asylum Building on Washington street,—according to a notice in another column. We subjoin the following account of these occasions in other times, from an interesting sketch prepared six years ago by Mrs. T. B. Wales.

"Among the means which early brought the Asylum into notice and regard, must be mentioned the public celebration of the anniversaries, and the sermons of the gentlemen who thus lent most important aid to its cause. The method followed in providing a preacher for the occasion, was to apply to the clergymen of all denominations, according to seniority of settlement in the ministry. Rev. Dr. Stillman preached the Anniversary Sermon, Sept. 1801; Rev. Dr. Eckley, 1802; Rev. Dr. Parker, 1803; Rev. Dr. Lathrop, 1804; Rev. Dr. Emerson, 1805; Rev. Dr. Baldwin, 1806; Rev. Dr. Morse, 1807; Rev. Dr. Freeman, 1808; Rev. Dr. Gardiner, 1809; Rev. Mr. Buckminster, 1810; Rev. Mr. Lowell, 1811; Rev. Mr. Eaton, 1812; Rev. Dr. Harris, 1813; Rev. Mr. Huntington, 18.4; Rev. Dr. Lathrop, 1815; Rev. Dr. Holley, 1816; Rev. Dr. Sharp, 1817; Rev. Dr. Parkman, 1818; Rev. Dr. Frothingham, 1819; Rev. H. Ware, jr. 1820; Rev. Prof. Everett, 1821; Rev. Mr. Pierpont, 1822; Rev. Dr Palfrey, 1823; Rev. Dr. Pierce, 1824; Rev. Dr. Greenwood, 1825; Rev. Dr. Gannett, 1826; Rev. Mr. Young, 1827; Rev. Mr. Barrett, 1828; Rev. Mr. Dean, 1829; Rev. Mr. Gray, 1830; Rev R. W. Emerson, 1831; Rev. Dr. Hopkins, 1832.

"A single instance of the effect produced by Dr. Freeman's sermon, may not be inappropriate. A little girl, nine years old, hearing the sermon on this occasion, was induced to wish that she had taken from her small store a much larger sum than that which she had previously thought to be as much as she could conveniently spare. The feeling that she ought to have given more than ninepence dwelt upon her mind, when on leaving the church she found a quarter of a dollar, which she supposed to have been dropped by some person who intended it as a contribution. On returning home she added to it a dollar she had carefully saved, and sent both as a donation to the Asylum.

The interest of these anniversary occasions was much increased by original hymns from time to time contributed by friends of the Institution, for which many thanks are due.

In 1833 it was *Voted*, that in consequence of the many recent claims on public notice and benevolence, the public celebration of this long favored charity should be for this year omitted. In 1834, this was again done. In 1835, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, then a resident in Boston, preached.

Since 1835 a more private celebration has been annually held at the Asylum. The meeting is opened with religious services, and those of the children who have not before received the rite, are baptised. The officers for the ensuing year are chosen; and there is an exhibition and sale of various articles made by the orphans."

[For the Register.]

CASUALTIES.

One cannot but have remarked lately, in reading the daily prints, the numerous deaths recorded by drowning. During the past week two boys have met with their death in our city; one while bathing on Sunday last, the other through his disobedience to his mother, by whom he was sent to school.

Among all these events, none have been more sad and impressive than that recorded a few days since of the loss of the boat in Squam Bay, by which five lives were destroyed, all valuable and peculiarly dear to their families and friends. One household lost a father and brother, and one member of that family was connected with another of the lost by marriage. An only son was taken, and another father of a family. We would speak now, however, only of one,—our sympathies we most sincerely give to all,—but in one we were much interested. We allude to Francis Edwin Deblois, the youngest son of Mrs. G. L Deblois; he was a member of the English High School in this city—esteemed by his teachers and beloved by his companions. At the commencement of the summer vacation he left home for recreation by the sea side, where he had passed a few weeks the summer before, and in full health and happiness he bade farewell to loving hearts, who little thought that parting would be the last.

But in the inscrutable will of God, it was to be so, and we would not murmur nor repine, because we cannot penetrate into those counsels. It is right, or it would not have been so, and if we never know why, it will not be the less right for his good and the good of those whose hearts are smitten. We will resign him to his Heavenly Father in faith and acquiescence; but we cannot allow the event to pass without an endeavor to impress upon his schoolmates and young friends, the necessity even in their youth, of being prepared for the change which may come to them at any moment; God only knows how soon.

The greatest consolation they can leave their friends is the same that Deblois has left to his family, that he was a good boy, and gave promise of being an upright, conscientious man. Though this fact adds to their grief at losing him, yet it also consoles them, as it convinces them that he might hope to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

We would not have his companions feel that death is only sad and terrible; it is not so, it is the gateway by which we enter into a new life. This world we know is but the scene of probation, the school-room for an eternity, and far better is it for one to be taken in the bloom and promise of youth, than to live an unworthy member of society, disappointing the hopes of friends, and bringing the hearts of parents in sorrow to the grave.

We will not intrude upon the grief of his family; it is sacred. To his widowed mother in her sorrows, words now can give but little comfort; her trust is in God, and He will in His own good time pour balm into her wounded spirit. She will look forward with hope to a re-union hereafter, and we must all feel that

"'T is sweet as, year by year, we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store.
Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's fading leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home. H.

Rail Road Accidents. Our readers are most of them acquainted with the particulars of the recent terrible accident on the Western Railroad, where three persons were suddenly killed and others severely injured by the breaking of an axle. A friend who was present, and whose opinion is entitled to much weight, has sent us the following judicious remarks.

[For the Christian Register.]

I perceive that the recent fatal accident, on the Western Railroad, is spoken of as one of those for which there is not only no remedy, but against which no care or foresight could have guarded.

But it may not be amiss to state, that immediately after leaving Pittsfield it was observed that something seemed to be striking underneath the bottom of the car, so hard as to jar the feet of the passengers who sat near the end, and making a noise so lond as to be distinctly heard.

Now if an inquest had been held, (as it would have been in England,) it is not improbable it would have been ascertained that the axle of one set of the wheels, at least, was *bent* when the cars started. If so, this might have been readily seen by a practised eye directed to that end. Again, that and other parts of the machinery are liable to be injured by a sudden start, or jar of the cars, but they may run sometime after that before the parts separate. Such flaws, or deviations from a true line, might be detected by a careful examination either by striking the parts with a hammer or by other means adapted to the purpose. And this should be done, in all cases, before any car is allowed to leave either of the principal depots of the road.

Is it not quite time that the legislature made it the imperative duty of every Rail Road Corporation, not only to examine in the most careful manner every part of the machinery liable to derangement or injury, but to require, also, that the strongest materials should be used in the construction of such machinery and be subjected to certain prescribed tests?

To those who now take every precaution in their power to guard against accident, and probable loss of life, such requirements would be no additional expense or inconvenience, while to those who do not, it might prove a wholesome restraint, which is required alike by every feeling of humanity, and by that law which enjoins self-preservation.

An Eye Witness.

☞ We see it stated that President Fillmore regularly attends the Unitarian Church in Washington. We would like to know if it is true, or rather, we would like to know that it is not true. [Erskine Miscellany.

It is true.

News from the Churches.

Autumnal Convention. The Autumnal Convention will be held this year at Springfield. It will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of October.

Bangor, Me. Rev. Joseph H. Allen, of Washington, D. C. has been invited to settle over the Unitarian Society in Bangor.

Keene, N. H. The Rev. Mr. Mountford has declined the invitation to be settled at Keene.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The political news from Washington, since our last paper was issued, is highly important, and most of the journals we have seen have been congratulating the country upon its character. The Texan Boundary Bill has been passed by the House and signed by the President. This, if accepted by Texas, as it undoubtedly will be, will put an end to the angry discussions and threatenings of civil war, which have lately been heard at the extreme South. Congress has also established a Territorial Government for New Mexico, *without* the Wilmot Proviso, so that the country before many years will have an opportunity of knowing, pretty conclusively, whether it is, or is not, an ordination of God that keeps slavery from that region. The most important measure of all, however, that has passed both houses of Congress, and received the signature of the President, is that which declares California to be one of the United States of America, and admits her with her present constitution and boundaries into the Union, "on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever." This measure has passed, and the senators and representatives elect of the new State have taken their seats as members of our national Congress. The announcement of the final vote, by which the measure was passed, was greeted with cheers and acclamations in the Hall of the Representatives itself, such as the Speaker could with difficulty repress; and in the city without, cannon were fired, and houses illuminated, to express the joy of the citizens. In almost every part of the country, also, as far as heard from, the news of the admission of California has been welcomed with joy, as the harbinger of peace and security. In New York a hundred guns were fired, as an expression of public joy. In South Carolina, alone, it has been received with sadness and disappointment. The peerless chivalry of the Palmetto State are said to have hastily assembled themselves when the news was known, and threatened to destroy the Union, on account of the admission of California without the glorious right of participating in the benefits of slavery; and in Charleston, some even dared to trample the flag of our country into the dust. It is fearful to think of the effects this anger may produce.

——The New York papers are filled with all sorts of gossip about Jenny Lind. Wherever she goes, how she looks, whatever she says or does, and many things that she has never said or done, are reported with the minutest accuracy. The first ticket for her first concert, last Wednesday night, was sold at auction for the sum of $225. We hope the fortunate buyer enjoyed the concert. The total amount of money received for tickets to that concert is stated to be about twenty-five thousand dollars.

——The steamship Asia arrived at New York on Wednesday morning. The most important news which she brought is the death of Louis Philippe. He died of Pleurisy on the 26th of August. His death, which three years ago would have threatened Europe with convulsions from one end to the other, has produced but very little excitement—not a tithe of what would be produced if he were to die who but a few years since was Louis Philipp's prisoner, but is now the head of the French Republic.—The Liverpool Journal says that the death-bed of the Ex-Monarch was melancholy in the extreme. In character he was eminently selfish. He lived unloved and died unmourned. How sad to have such a tribute paid to one's memory, and sadder still to have it deserved.

——The attempts which have been made to connect England and France by a submarine electric telegraph have proved successful. Immediate communication has been established between the two sides of the channel. The distance across between the two points connected is about eighteen miles in a straight line, but the course, which the connecting wires are obliged to follow beneath the water, owing to the irregularity of the bottom or other circumstances, is about twenty-two miles.

——The Peace Congress has been held at Frankfort, but we have not seen any detailed account of its proceedings. The Austrian butcher Haynau was present at its sessions.

——The French National Assembly after an uninterrupted session of fourteen months and a half has adjourned for a season. This is a longer time than even our own Congress has occupied in discussing national affairs.

——Boston is busy with the Mechanics Fair, which was opened to the public, as the phrase is, last Wednesday at noon precisely. A clear chime of bells, manufactured by H. N. Hooper, Esq., announced to the crowd, which had congregated about the door, the hour of opening. It is said that a larger number of articles are exhibited than have been brought to the Fair before, and that in all respects the Exhibition is a very superior one. The Traveller, in a brief account of the Fair, says "that in Faneuil Hall there is a very large variety of miscellaneous articles. The sides are covered with specimens of quills of various patterns, intermixed with pictures in worsted. Specimens of American manufacture of cotton and wool fabrics occupy a good share of two sides of the Hall, and show indisputably that Americans will soon equal if not excel other nations in this branch of manufacture. Among the ornaments in this department we notice a portrait of Henry Clay in worsted. Also fine specimens of worked worsted chairs, &c. In the gallery were elegant specimens of cabinet work in the form of pianos, tables, &c., Also two groups of wax figures by Mrs. Pelby—one, "Christ blessing little children;" the other, "The dead Christ." In Quincy Hall there are six sections, each devoted to particular articles, such as bedsteads, bedding, fire-engines, carriages, agricultural implements, articles of leather, paintings, sculpture, and all kinds of gold and silver ware and a larger number of ingenious machines, which are kept in motion by one of Tuft's steam engines; also safes, grates, cooking stoves and ranges of all shapes, and patterns. As you enter Quincy Hall, on the left is some rich and beautiful drapery, by Doe, Hazleton & Co., and also one of the richest carved tables ever manufactured in this region. The department of agricultural implements is quite full. At the end of the Hall is another exhibition of wax statuary, consisting of three groups, the "Last Supper," the "Trial," and the "Crucifixion of Christ."

——The season of lectures before the Lowell Institute will soon commence. Four courses will be delivered, one on Political Economy, by Prof. Bowen of Cambridge; another course on Natural Religion, by the Rev. Dr. Blagden of Boston; another by Prof. Agassiz, subject not known; and the fourth, on the Comparative Physical Geography of the United States, and the race that will shortly inhabit these States, by Prof. Guyot.

——The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, conducted by Theodore Parker, has been discontinued for want of support.

The Nepaul Ambassador in Difficulty. The following anecdote of the Oriental Prince, who is now visiting England, and whose wealth and magnificence have been the subject of so much comment in the English papers is taken from the London Inquirer. It seems that even an Eastern Prince may find an end to his purse.

"It is widely rumored that his Excellency from Nepaul, during his stay in this country, has been living "beyond his means" and that, unless an installment is forwarded shortly from beyond his native mountains, he will hardly be able to return with the splendor in which he came. Probably, however, this is but idle gossip. He will be able to boast of having had anb insight into our laws, as well as our customs. In the Westminister County Court on Saturday, M. Rosenthall, an artist, brought an action against his Excellency to recover the sum of £15 for painting a portrait. The plaintiff said that he was instructed by one of the Nepaulese Princes, during their stay in London, to paint his portrait, and as it was only to be a small sketch the price fixed was ten guineas; but as he afterwards wished to be placed on horseback, an additional £5 was to be charged. His brother the prince Bahadoor, was so pleased with the portrait, that he gave an order for his likeness to be taken in a different way for £25, and the order was executed, and the money paid immediately. The bill was sent in, and his highness objected to pay more than £10. The learned judge: "What did he say". Ptaintiff: "He said 'here is £10, and if you do not like to accept that, I will not pay you one farthing".—(laughter) The learned judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

An Interesting Incident. We saw yesterday a beautiful little fellow in the care of John M. Spear. We learn that in October, 1848, Mr. Spear found him in the Leverett street jail. He was charged with stealing. He informed Mr. Spear that his father was a judge, and resided in Lower Canada. His father was immediately informed by Mr. S. of the condition of the lad. By the advice of Mr. S. the lad was sent to the State Reform School, where he has remained until yesterday, when his father came to Boston for him and took him once more to his bosom. This morning the father leaves for home. During the absence of her little son the afflicted mother refused to be comforted, and has constantly been dressed in black.

The judge expressed himself highly delighted with our State Reform School, and declared himself under the highest obligations to Mr. Spear, who had once more placed in his arms his wayward son. The boy is not more than thirteen years of age. [Times.

Immigration of Convicts. But a few weeks since, we noticed the arrival of convicts at New York from the British penal colony at Bermuda, and the arrest of the Captain who brought them. Seventeen other convicts have arrived since, in the Brigs Crocodile and Falcon. They have all been arrested, and placed in the Tombs, to await the sailing of these vessels, when they will be placed on board, and sent back to Bermuda. This is right. It is enough for us to take British pauperism without being burdened with British crime.

Valuable Lump of Gold.—Messrs. Willis & Co. of this city have received by the Cherokee, from their California house, a large box of specimens of gold ore and cinnabar, also a single lump of "gold quartz," weighing twenty-four pounds, worth about five thousand dollars. This extraordinary specimen has been purchased by a returned Californian, who intends to exhibit it in this country. It is said to be the richest mass of its size that has yet been discovered. [Courier.

Professional Fees in California. In California, a physician charged $1700 for attending a man during a slight sickness of six weeks' duration, and a lawyer charged $100 for answering a few questions occupying his time in all 15 minutes.

Mormon Emigration. Within the last ten years, says the *London Chronicle*, 140,000 Mormons have emigrated from Great Britain to the United States, most of them men of some means from Wales and the Northern and Eastern parts of England; 2,500 left Liverpool in 1849, bound for the Great Salt Lake, by way of New Orleans.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

This is the subject [illegible] in one of the late numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Chasles of Paris. The following are some of the closing paragraphs.

What is America to become? It is not difficult to divine it. An aggrandized Europe and what a Europe! The space comprised between the Alleghanies, parallel to the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, parallel to the Pacific, is, as is well known, six times larger than France. If to this is added the 390 leagues of the old States, and the new Territories acquired recently from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, imagination itself is astonished at these proportions. It is the tenth part of the whole globe. Thus the American does not see his country from the belfry, but in the race and society to which he belongs.

The inhabitant of New York goes without trouble to New Orleans, and the Louisianan easily becomes acclimated in Kentucky. Provided you leave him those laws and manners which permit him the free developement of his American strength, he is happy; he feels that he makes part of a grand organic and harmonious body. Laws, soil, country, manners, remembrances, desires, institutions, pride, passion, qualities, are all in harmony. The partial democracies of which the Union is composed are as solid and as stable as the best organized States; they have their roots in the souls of the people, and their sap in the habits of the community. Obscure yesterday, marching with a bold step in the unknown, America cares little for the present; the future is her own. One fact governs her whole life: it is expansion, activity, energy; a tendency to variety, to go-aheadism. Her moral vigor, identical in its causes and in its essence with the internal strength of Rome under the Scipios, of France under Louis XIV., of Spain under Isabella, of England since the Georges, moves in a space far more vast. The American soul, profoundly identified with the institutions of the country, desires only what can and must result from the same institutions and the national manners. Every where people work, live at hotels, marry young, are fond of adventures, are not much afraid of bankruptcy, or danger, or even death, and they are certain that there will be always land enough for a courageous American.

To this vast social experiment, of which the United States is the workshop, must be added the physical experiment that nature is incessantly carrying on. The rivers change their beds, Niagara is receeding, the forests fall, prairies burn up, the temperature becomes by degrees milder and more temperate, the miasmas which exhale from a newly stirred soil lose their morbid power, the means of subsistence increase, the population doubles every twenty years, and it is yet only a preparatory work. The heroic age, the epoch of war announces itself; this strong race, which absorbs many others, is far from having filled up its borders, from Russian America and the Samoyedes to the Isthmus of Panama.

A Good Man Fallen. We regret to learn by letters received in this city this morning by the English mail, of the death of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, missionary of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions to Burmah. The previous accounts from this faithful and devoted missionary, reported him to be in very feeble condition, with but little hope of his recovery. He sailed from Maulmain for the Isle of Bourbon the 3d of April, with the hope that the change of climate would have a favorable effect upon his health. But these hopes were destined not to be realized. After leaving the river he at first revived and seemed better, but he soon after began to fail, and died, when nine days out, on the 12th of April. He was buried at sea.

Dr. Judson was 62 years of age, and for more than thirty-eight years had been a faithful, self-denying missionary of the Cross. His labors [illegible] recapitulation. For several years he has been devoting his time and talents to the preparation of a dictionary of the Burmah language. It was doubtless the desire of his heart to live until that great work could have been completed; but a wise and overruling Providence has otherwise ordered. His life has been spent in the noblest of all services, and he has now gone home to his reward

Mrs. Judson (formerly known as Fanny Forrester,) was at Maulmain with her two young children. There are, we believe, several older children of Dr. Judson in this country.

Since the above was written, the following notice has been handed us from the Baptist Missionary Rooms in this city:

Death of the Rev. Dr. Judson. By the overland mail from India, the painful intelligence has this day reached the Missionary Rooms, of the decease of Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D., senior missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He died on the 12th of April last, on board the French barque Aristide Marie, of Bordeaux, bound for the isle of Bourbon, at the age of 62.

Dr. Judson left Maulmain, on the 3d of April, accompanied by Mr. T. S. Ranney, in compliance with the directions of his physicians. Mrs. J. would have gone with her husband but it was at the hazard of her life, and he would not consent. For a day or two hope and fear alternated, but before the pilot left the vessel, he felt so much revived as to dictate a message to Mrs. Judson, expressing a confident belief that he would recover.

Scarcely, however, had the pilot got off when he relapsed, and suffered great pain, which continued till he was released by death. He was buried in the sea on the same evening, in latitude 13 deg. North, longitude 93 deg. East, within the range of islands that run down to the straits of Malacca, within nine days after the embarkation.

Dr. Judson embarked for the East in 1812, and has thus been more than thirty-eight years in the missionary service. [Journal.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev Dr Young, Mr Cyrus F. Moulton, of Boston, to Miss Olive M. Foss, of Saco, Me.

In Salem, Aug 31, by Rev Dr Thompson, Mr Charles B. Robinson to Miss Georgiana A. Ricker, both of Portland.

In Salem, 5th inst, by Rev Mr Babcock, Mr Henry T. Daland to Helen R. daughter of B. Porter Chamberlain, Esq.

In Lowell, 2d inst, by Rev H. Wood, Mr William Morgan to Miss Susan Smart.

In Worcester, Sept 1st, by Rev Alonzo Hill, Mr Henry S. Eaton, (of the firm of B. Butman & Co.) to Miss Sarah Jane Bowles, of W.

In Deerfield, Sept 4, by Rev J. F. Moors, Mr Joseph C. Ball, of Sufficld, Conn. to Miss L. Sophia Grant, of Great Barrington.

In South Natick, 4th inst, by Rev T. B. Gannett, Mr John W. Hastings, of Medford, to Miss Sarah E. Gannett, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Sept 7, Harriet W. wife of A. A. Dame; 8th, William Russell, only son of William and Nancy Goff, 29 years.

In Medford, Abner Bartlett, Esq. a respectable Counsellor at Law, of the class at Harvard of 1799, 73 yrs.

In Quincy, Sept 7, Sarah Coolidge, of this city, 72 years, widow of the late Cornelius Coolidge.

In Northboro', Dr Stephen Ball, 83 yrs.

In Templeton, 29th ult. Mrs Adelaide R. Martin, 22 yrs. daughter of Capt Samuel Upham, and wife of Mr Thomas Martin.

In Topsham, Me. August 25, Miss Hannah E. Purinton, 41 yrs. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

In Milford, N. H., Sept. 3, Rev. Elijah Dunbar. Mr. Dunbar was born in that part of Stoughton, Mass., which is now the town of Canton. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1794, and was for a time tutor in Williams College. He was ordained in Peterboro', N. H., Oct 23, 1799, and continued the minister of the town till June, 1822, when a portion of his people withdrew, and formed a Presbyterian Society. He remained pastor of the Congregational Society till February, 1827, when, by mutual agreement, the connection was dissolved. Till within a year or two, he has continued to reside in Peterboro', where he was beloved and respected as a frank, kind-hearted, amiable, upright man, without pretension and without guile. However his townsmen might dissent from his views, there was that in his character which disarmed them of their enmity, and caused them all to look upon him with feelings of kindness. His remains were brought to Peterboro', and the funeral services performed by his successor, Rev. L. Billings, and his friend and neighbor, Rev. Dr. Leonard, of Dublin.

☞ American Unitarian Association.—The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:—

From Auxiliary Association in Tyngsboro',	$ 4 00
Do do in Manchester, N. H.	30 00
A Friend in N. H.	20 00
A Friend, (H. H.)	20 00
Auxiliary Association in Nashua,	13 00
Do do in Rev. Mr. Hill's Society, Worcester,	25 00
Hon. Samuel Hoar, annual subscription,	20 00
Rev. Mr. Lunt's Society in Quincy,	41 28
Auxiliary Association in New Brunswick, N. J.	40 00
Donation from "Jersey Blue,"	5 00
Unitarian Society in Philadelphia,	70 00
Rev. Mr. Whitney's Society in Brighton,	100 00
Auxiliary Association in Brooklyn, N. Y.	56 00
Do do in Louisville, Ky.	50 00
Rev. Mr. Benevolent Society in Rev. Mr. Pike's Society, Dorchester,	25 00
Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr. Putnam's Society, Roxbury,	51 00
Auxiliary Association in Walpole, N. H.	14 00
Rev. Ms. Williams's Society in N. Andover,	31 00
A Lady, to constitute Rev. A. H. Conant a Life Member,	30 00
Unitarian Society in East Cambridge,	30 00
Auxiliary Association in do,	20 00
A Lady, for Tracts, and for circulation of Channing's works,	5 00
Mr. H Temple, of Dorchester, to constitute himself a Life Member,	30 00
King's Chapel Society, in Boston,	150 00
Auxiliary Association in West Bridgewater,	2 75
Do do in Billerica,	40 00
A Lady,	1 00
Young Ladies' Benevolent Society in Hingham,	50 00
Unitarian Society in North Scituate,	25 00

Sept14

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in California

San Francisco, 2d March, 1850.

J. C. Ayer, Esq.—Dear Sir: We have the pleasure to inform you, that since our advices of the 5th ultimo, we have disposed of all the Cherry Pectoral consigned to our House. From the benefit experienced by those who have used it, there has grown up here a confidence in the article which will ensure you for this market an increasing and permanent demand.

The rapid changes of our climate from heat to cold, and heat again, induce, as might be expected, the afflicting and often dangerous lung complaints. Many of these, within our knowledge, have been so speedily cured by your Preparation, as to afford, as it were, immunity from their attacks.

We are daily expecting the next arrival, and would advise the continuation of your monthly shipments in larger quantities than hitherto.

Yours, &c.
J. G. CRAM & CO.

☞ Whipple's Dissolving Views.—We have been no less astonished than delighted at the magnificent exhibition of Mr. Whipple's "Views." They are not only wonderful, but beautiful, amusing and instructive. We will not attempt a description of them, preferring rather that the reader should go and see for himself. The exhibition has been visited by hundreds of thousands in this country, and testimonials without number have been written and published in commendation of it. We subjoin but one, that of the Hon. Henry Clay, who visited it while at Newport.

Newport, August, 1850.

I have attended an exhibition of the Dissolving Views of Mr. Whipple, at this place; and take pleasure in expressing the high gratification it afforded me. I think it richly merits the public patronage. HENRY CLAY.

The exhibition will close in this place to-morrow night. —*Fall River News.* 1tis s14

☞ Female Orphan Asylum.—The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of this Institution will be observed on the 20th inst. (Friday next,) at half past three o'clock, in the Church at Chauncy Place. In addition to the usual ceremonies, a discourse will be delivered by Rev. F. D. Huntington, of this city.

A. L. WALES, Secretary.

sept14

☞ Teachers' Social Union.—There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, at the Vestry of the Pitts street Chapel, at 7½ o'clock

Question,—How can we increase our faith in Sunday School efforts?

T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

sept14

☞ The Children's Mission.—The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of Thirteen Dollars, from the children of the Sunday School connected with Rev. T. P. Allen's Society in Sterling, Mass.

B. H. GREENE, Treasurer of Children's Mission.

sept14

☞ Among the objects of interest to strangers and persons from the country visiting the city, is the store of Geo. W. Warren & Co., No. 192 Washington street, recently much enlarged and otherwise greatly improved. 1tis s14

☞ Notice.—The Worcester Association will meet at the house of Rev. Mr. Ball, in Upton, on Tuesday, Sept 17, at 5, P. M. *A full attendance is particularly desired.*

Sept14 T. P. ALLEN, Scribe.

☞ The new store of Geo Hill & Co., recently opened on Summer street, (erected by the Messrs. Thorndike,) has a retailing room of extraordinary size and beauty, on the lower floor; and on the second and third floor the retailing and wholesale room of Henry Pettes & Co. Well worth visiting. 1tis sept14

☞ Notice.—The next meeting of the "Maine Ministerial Association," will be at Augusta, at the house of Rev. Mr. Judd, on Tuesday, 17th inst, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Unitarian Clergymen throughout the State are invited.

J. T. G. NICHOLS, Sec'y. sept7

New and important books now opening by Little & Brown, 112 Washington street—

Knight's Pictorial History of England, 8 vols, 8vo.
Macaulay's 30 Years Peace, vol 2
Half Hours with best Authors, 4 vols.
Knight's Shakspeare, Cabinet ed. 12 vols.
Chambers's Papers for the People, vols 2 and 3.
Chambers's Juvenile Library.—Whisperers. Duty and Affection.
Songs for Children.
Penny Cyclopedia, 16 vols, 8 vo.
Atlas, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, folio, &c. &c. sept14

Oxford Bibles and Testaments.—Little & Brown, 112 Washington street, have just received a supply of the cheap edition of Oxford Bibles, among which are—

Royal 8vo—pica, morocco, gilt,
do do do Blind tooled,
Pearl 24mo—roan, clasp,
do do do tuck,
do morocco, tuck, a very neat article.
Testaments—nonpareil, 32mo, roan, arabesque, gilt and plain, &c. &c. sept14

Philosophy of Nature. General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature, with an outline of some of its recent developments among the Germans, embracing the Philosophical Systems of Schelling and Hegel, and Oken's System of Nature. By J. B. Stallo, A M., lately Professor in St John's College, New York. 12mo, 520 pages, $1.25. Published by

CROSBY & NICHOLS, 1 1 Washington street. sept14

Sacred Philosophy of Seasons. Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, edited by Rev. Dr. Greenwood. 4 vols. Price $2. For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington street. sept14

Littell's Living Age. No. 331. 12½ cents.

Contents.

1. The Mysterious Compact—From the German.
2. Deborah's Diary.—Part V—Sharpe's Magazine.
3. Notes of a Naturalist.—Part VII.—Frazer's Magazine.
4. Courtship in the Time of James I.—Blackwood's Magazine.
5. Last Days of Bickerstetb—Sir C. E. Eardley.
6. Shores of the Arctic Sea—Spectator.

Poetry—The Two Bees, The Goblin Telegraph, The Moravian Requiem.

Short Articles—Truth Stranger than Fiction, Checks on Poisonings in England.

Published weekly, at Six Dollars a Year, by E. Littell & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts. Sept 14.

Questions to Whately's Evidences. Questions for the Aid of those Teaching from Introductory Lessons of Christian Evidence. Price 50c a dozen. This day published by

CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington street. Sept14

Wallace's Anti-Trinitarian Biography. Sketches of the Lives and Writings of distinguished Anti-Trinitarians, from the Reformation to the close of the 17th century, by

POETRY.

Harvest Hymn.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Great God!—our heart-felt thanks to thee!
We feel thy presence everywhere!
And pray that we may ever be
Thus objects of thy guardian care.

We bow'd!—by thee our work was seen
And bless'd; and instantly went forth
Thy mandate, and in living green
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toil'd!—and Thou didst note our toil,
And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripening on the teeming soil
The fragrant grass, the golden grain.

And now, we reap!—and oh, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our Song of Thanks abroad,
And pray Thee, bless our hoarded store!

[Cincinnati Gazette.

Vexations.

Each trial has its weight: which whoso bears
Knows his own woe, and need of succouring grace;
The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
Of flowing blood: the while life's humblest cares
Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from Him if not a sparrow fall,
May not Hepitying view and send relief
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts prevail.

Then keep your heart: nor take the self-wise course
Of Thomas who must see ere he would trust.
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

[NEWMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The following story may seem strange to some, but the reader may be sure that it is true. It was sent to this magazine by the Rev. W. Morton, missionary from India; and Mr. B. was his relation, and a pious man. This gentleman was a government surveyor, and was one day measuring some land that was covered over with what they call in India *jungle*, the name given to the trees and shrubs and reeds and grass, which grow so thick and rank in that hot country. As there were a great many wild beasts in this jungle, the people who were helping Mr. B. lighted fires, discharged guns, sent in dogs, made a loud noise, and did all they could to frighten them away.

Not thinking that there could be any danger after all this, Mr. B. forced his way through a part of the jungle to a little hill, that he might view the country; but as he was walking, all at once he felt the ground giving way under him, and before he could recover his footing, or do anything to help himself, he had sunk down among the thick underwood, while all around him there rose up a cloud of dust, which, for a few minutes, prevented him from seeing where he was. But, though he could see nothing, he heard enough to frighten him. It was the low growl of some wild beasts, and he felt sure that he had sunk down into their den. And so it proved; for, as soon as the dust cleared away, he found himself in the midst of a nest of tiger cubs. The fact was, that the white ants, so plentiful in India, had hollowed out the ground, and, as the season was very dry, the thin crust which covered the tiger's lair broke in as soon as Mr. B. put his foot upon it.

Now you may fancy what he felt when he saw where he had got. And what do you think he did? "Turn pale," you will say, "and tremble, and scream for help as loud as ever he could." Nothing of the kind. He saw his danger, indeed; but, though alarmed, like a good man, he prayed to God to preserve him, and like a wise man, he prepared for the worst. Knowing the habits of the creature into whose den he had fallen, he felt quite sure that the tigress was too near to permit him to escape her fury. What, then, could he do? He had a gun no sword, or even a stick. His hand was his only defence. But what could that do without a weapon? Ah! the hand is a wonderful instrument when wisely used. And so it proved to Mr. B.

After a minute's thought, he hastily took out of his hat and pocket two or three silk handkerchiefs, and twisted them tightly round his right arm, up to the elbow. "But what was the use of that!" you may be saying. You will see. It proved the truth of what Solomon says, that "wisdom is a defence." It saved his life. For he had no sooner done this, than what should he see but the tigress, leaping over the shrubs and reeds of the jungle, and bounding towards him, her eyes flashing fire, and her great jaws wide open, ready to seize and devour him. Was not this very frightful? Do you not think it was enough to make the boldest man cry out, and run away? But Mr. B. was too wise to attempt what was impossible, and what, too, would have brought upon him swift destruction. He therefore, fixed his feet firmly upon the ground, prepared for a deadly struggle with the dreadful foe, and then stood still. In less time than this story can be read, the tigress had come close up to the place where Mr. B. was; and then she crouched down upon her belly, and crawled along the ground, as you have seen the cat do, when about to seize a bird, in order to make sure of her prey. Dreadful sight to Mr. B.; but he had no opportunity to think much about it, for in another moment, with one bound and a loud roar, she sprang right upon him.

As he expected, her great jaws were wide open; as quick as thought, and with a steady aim, the brave man thrust his arm into her mouth, and seizing her tongue with his hand, he began with all his strength to twist it from side to side. This prevented her from closing her mouth; but she made terrible use of her claws, for with them she tore off the clothes from his body and the flesh from his bones. Still, though wounded and bleeding, he kept his grasp tight, and gave her so much pain by twisting her tongue, that she became frightened, and with a sudden start backward, she jerked it out of his hand, and to his great joy rushed away from him into the jungle. Having spent a few moments in giving thanks to that God who had thus delivered him out of the jaws of the tiger, as he had saved David from the lion and the bear, Mr. B., faint with pain and loss of blood, made haste back to his party, before the furious creature could recover from her fright, or return to her den.

Now dear young friends, learn from this story the value of knowledge, of courage, or presence of mind, and above all, of piety and prayer, such as Mr. B. discovered, and to which under God, he owed his deliverance. Nor should you forget, that, great as was the danger of this good man, yours is still greater. And if you wonder at his escape, how should you rejoice that you may, through Jesus Christ, be delivered from a far more dreadful death than that which threatened him. [Juvenile Missionary Magazine.

THE EFFECTS OF SHOT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. You can form no idea of the storm of balls and shells which crossed each other in their dread course. Before and around the spot on which Field Marshal Radetski was standing, the heavy sixteen-pound shot ploughed up the ground tracing in one place a deep furrow, and cutting down a tree like stubble in another. It is remarkable how each kind of missile has its own characteristic. There is the tremulous howl of the round large shot, the whistle of the musket ball, the hiss of the shell, like that of the Catherine wheel firework, and then its detonation as it bursts. Of these last, many exploded harmless in the air; but where one fell and did its office, the effect was fearful. One such struck an officer in the breast, exploded at that instant, struck down a man to the right and left, and cut off the upper part of the officer's body in such a fashion that his frightened horse galloped off some distance with the feet of the corpse in the stirrups. Such are the spectacles which a field of battle occasionally presents. Not far off lay a Piedmontese artillerist who had been struck on the forehead, with a spent six pound shot, which remained in the wound. A hussar had been killed at the same instant with his horse, by a shot which had passed through the neck of the latter; they had sunk together, the rider still on the saddle, and the sabre still in his hand.

The sudden collapse of a man in full vigor is what is most fearful to behold. One sinks without a groan, another jumps high from the ground with a shriek, falls over, lies stiff, and is dead! Even a Granser from the Banat, with a ball in his forehead, falter a few paces, leaning on his musket like a drunken man, and then, after a faint whisper about his home, expire. Over the whole the canon smoke had spread a colossal canopy, which floated motionless above the roof like the crown of the Italian pine tree.—[Scenes from the Life of a Soldier in active service, in 1849.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

Here is, certainly, the most remarkable dog story which has yet come to light. We offer no explanation of the strauge facts; but we bibeds, who monopolize all the *reason*, must acknowledge this canine representative to possess something more than *instinct*. It teaches a good lesson in Christian casuisty, which the serious reader will not fail to remark. We quote from an article in the *Presbyterian*, by Mr. Prime, who is known throughout the country as a man of unquestionable veracity;

"My father had a dog whose memoirs ought to be written. I have often asked him to put upon paper the leading incidents in the life of Fidelity, (that was the dog's name,) but as he has always declined, I shall record a few facts, and they may provoke a more complete biography. My private opinion is, that the life of a dog is a better example than that of a bad man. The peculiar feature of the dog's character was his regard for religious places, religious men, and religious meetings. He was punctual in his attendance upon family worship, never being out of hearing when the household was assembled. He attended the weekly prayer meetings in the village, which were held from house to house, notice being given of the place of meeting, on the Sabbath. He never mistook the evening, or the hour, or the house. Nor did he depend on watching the family to follow them to the place of prayer. Frequently he was shut up in a room to prevent his attendance, and he would dash through a pane of glass and be at the right house before those who had shut him up. He was confined in an out-house that had no floor; he dug a hole under the sill, and reached the meeting before the second hymn was finished. On the Sabbath he was a regular attendan at church, and always occupied the square step at the head of the pulpit stairs; if there was the least disturbance among the dogs below as their will be in the country sometimes, he would rise and frown his displeasure upon them until it was settled. One day he was so pleasantly occupied with his canine acquaintance that the time slipped by and the minister commenced service; instantly he ga ve a yelp, expressing his mortification, and hastening to his place, cowered down in an attitude of shame, which he maintained to the close of the service. Perhaps the most singular trait in his character was his unwillingness to stay over night in a house where they did not have family worship. He was in the habit of visiting among my father's ministerial acquaintances, but one day he followed a gentleman fr om a neighboring town to his house, and made himself quite at home, evident intending to spend a few days, as he had done at other places. The evening closed in, and at length the family retired for the night, without being assembled for prayers. The dog made his way out of the house, and travelled home as fast as his legs would carry him. This practice was so common with him, there could be no doubt of his views."

LIVE FREIGHT FROM THE RED SEA

An English paper gives the following account of the live freight which was brought by the steamer Ripon, from Alexandria to Southampton, in addition to the East Indian embassy:

'The Ripon brought home a collection of birds and beasts from Ethiopia, Abyssinia, and other parts of the world. There were a fine young lion and leopard, a wild hog, a pair of pelicans, three eagles, a gazelle, three lynxes, two musk cats, a Sahara ibex, (a goat with magnificent horns,) a number of kangaroo rats, a little larger than English mice, of very light brown color, and remarkable for the length of their hind legs, even when compared with their fore legs, several Cashmere pared with their fore legs, several Cashmere goats, a wild cat rather larger than a domestic one, marked like a leopard, with a beautiful head.

There were also a number of venomous serpents and gigantic lizards, several of the cobra capellas were as big round as a man's wrist. The beasts, birds, and reptiles were attended to by several grim and picturesque looking Arabs and Abyssinians, many of the former with large grisly beards. Among them were two African serpent charmers; one of the latter was a lad, a strange little shrivelled face fellow, who caused much amusement by his comic manners, his grotesque dress, and daring handling of the beasts and reptiles. In each of his ears were two brass bed curtain rings, his trowsers did not reach below his knees, and he wore a pair of large Wellington boots. His legs and boots appeared like two mahogany posts in a pair of leathern buckets.

He played with and teased the most savage of the beasts and reptiles, with the most daring intrepidity; but the most extraordinary performances of the youthful charmer, were with the venomous serpents, at the request of the Admiralty agent; and for the trifling *blackssesh* of a silver sixpence, for which he made a profound and slave-like salaam. he exhibited his power over the serpent tribe to the writer of this notice when he went on board the Ripon, in Southampton.

He took out the cobra capellas from a box, fondled with them, kissed their heads and mouths, held them in his mouth, irritated them apparently to madness by scratching them on the back, and even suffered them to bite him, without experiencing any apparent injury. It was a singular sight to see one of these serpents irritated, standing firmly on a small portion of his tail, while the body was forming graceful curves, and it was preparing to spring upon the boy, with its mouth open and its fangs quivering.

The greatest curiosity, however, brought by the Ripon, was the Hippopotamus. The one brought home in the Ripon is a male specimen, in good health, about ten months old, and 500 lbs weight. It fed on milk and rice, about 80 pints daily of the former, and the latter was consumed both boiled and raw. A number of cows and goats were kept on board the Ripon to supply the milk.'

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

The New York Tribune gives the following account of itself. The statement is the best possible proof of the appreciation in which the Journal is held.

The Tribune establishment has gradually been increased, and now it gives regular employment to twelve editors and reporters, thirty-seven printers, two proof-readers, thirteen pressmen, engineers and other laborers in the press-room, four permanent correspondents in Europe, two in Canada, two in California, one in Mexico, one in Havana, one in Central America, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston, one in Baltimore, &c., &c., four wrapper writers, four clerks, sixteen hands in the mailing department, three errand boys, twenty-eight carriers in the city and vicinity, in all, above 130 persons steadily engaged in preparing and sending forth *The Tribune*. In addition to this there might be reckoned a large number of writers in the various parts of Europe, and all over this country, who make *The Tribune* the vehicle of such thought and intelligence as they have to communicate to the public; but we have enumerated only those who permanently form a portion of our establishment. The issues of our paper are now, in round numbers, 18,600 Daily, 41,400 Weekly, 1,700 Semi-weekly, 3,300 for California, 500 for Europe, making 160,200 sheets weekly, and 8,330,400 annually distributed to all sections of this country, and to the principal places in other parts of the civilized world. This must not, however, be taken as the permanent number—for, since the enlargement of the Daily on the 10th of April last, its circulation has increased 3,100 copies, in spite of the effect of the warm season, which usually diminishes the circulation of newspapers. In the same time the Weekly has gained 1,900, and the California Tribune, 1000.

At this rate rate by the 10th of April next, the Daily will circulate 25,000 copies and the Weekly 45,000 copies, while the aggregate annual circulation of *The New York Tribune* will be 10,000,000.

As we are often asked concerning the distribution of labor in *The Tribune*, it may be proper here to answer such inquiries. The immediate labors of Mr. Greely, the Responsible Editor, of course do not extend beyond the Political conduct of the paper and the preparation of the editorial articles, a department in which he is assisted by C. A. Dana, who has been connected with *The Tribune* in various capacities for something less than four years. Mr. Dana also has special charge of the department of European News and Politics, and, in connection with Mr. J. F. Cleveland, who has been for seven years an editor of *The Tribune*, is also engaged in the preparation of the political and miscellaneous intelligence of this country; this involves the reading of above one thousand exchange papers and the condensation of the news they may contain. The Commercial Department is under the care of Mr. G. Snow, who has been intrusted with it since the foundation of the paper, and who was the first in this city to furnish a complete and accurate report of the markets. Mr. Snow has also the charge of the department of Telegraphic News. The Literary Department is conducted by Mr. George Ripley. Mr. Bayard Taylor has particular charge of everything relating to California and South America, with the supervision of the important department of City News, in which he has four regular assistants and reporters. The preparation and arrangement of Ship News is the duty of Mr. W. Newman. A special translator is also employed in the office, at the same time that several of the regular editors are often called upon to translate from papers and letters in various languages. Indeed, though each one is responsible for his own department, he is frequently required to assist in one of the others, in which there is an unusual amount of work to be done. The Publishing and Financial Department as our readers are awrae are under the supervision of Mr. McElrath; the details of which are under the more immediate charge of Messrs. S. Sinclair and R. M. Strebeigh, each of whom has devoted several years to perfecting himself to the duties confided to him. The Composing Room is managed by Mr. Thomas N. Rooker, and the Press Room by George Hall.

FOR CHILDREN.

EXTRACT FROM SABBATH TABLE-TALK.

'Did you take notice how many new bonnets there were at church to-day?' remarked Louisa Thornwell, as she was sitting with the family at the dinner-table on last Sabbath.

'I guess I did; I did not think, though, that so many of the poorer class would come out in the new style; why, even Kate Smith has a new winter bonnet;' replied Maria, her older sister. 'She follows nearly all the latest fashions, as if she could afford it as well as any body.'

'She tries very hard, I know, to be as fashionable as some other folks are, but she is too poor after all to keep up. Why, she had on the same shawl this morning that her brother bought for her last fall two years at Baltimore.'

'Her bonnet is new, and has the shape of the latest fashion, but the material is of quite an inferior quality. She sat but two or three pews before me, and when the congregation rose up for prayer, I had a good chance to examine and judge.'

This conversation was broken by their brother, who, not unwilling somewhat to wound the vanity of his weak-minded sisters, remarked that he had seen a lady in church, sitting to the left of the pulpit, who wore a bonnet, which, for neatness and beauty, eclipsed, in his opinion, all the other new ones; and as he was on the gallery, he had the best opportunity during the sermon of inspecting it.

'Who was the lady? Was it handsomer than mine?' instantly inquired Louisa Thornwell.

'She was a stranger to me,' replied Henry her brother. 'But one thing is certain, there was a taste and loveliness displayed in her dress, and a peculiar richness about her bonnet, that went ahead of everything that was at church this morning. And you must not think that no one else noticed her but myself. Why, even Mr. Smith, of whom you like to make so much fun, is sometimes more admired by people of sense, than some of the tip-top fashionables.'

'You must be quite taken with Kate. I wonder, though, that I did not see your belle.'

Mr. and Mrs. Thornwell had been listening with sorrowful feelings to this improper conversation thus far, without attempting to interrupt them. They were pious; and had given their children a careful religious training. As yet, however, none of them had been willing to take up the cross and follow Christ, but continued to be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

'Louisa, can you tell me what was Mr. Johnston's text to-day?' inquired the old gentleman.

'I did know, father, but really I have forgotten it.'

'Can't you tell me, Maria?'

Maria replied: 'Father, I think you expect too much; it is difficult to give the precise words of Scripture texts, and it has always been very hard for me to remember figures and numbers.'

'I do not comprehend you, my child. I perceive your memory is good enough to tell a great deal about fashionable bonnets; you even know of what kind of material Catherine Smith's new one is made; and Louisa recollects distinctly how long it is since her brother William purchased her shawl at Baltimore.'

'O, but father,' brightening up a little, thinking she had hit upon a satisfactory explanation, 'it is not possible for me to avoid noticing a new bonnet when it is before me all the while; I cannot help but see it; there is no effort required to remember such things.'

'Well, Maria, is not the minister before you too? Does not his clear and full-toned voice fall upon your ears all the while? How can you help but hear what he says? It seems to me to be as difficult to avoid hearing and remembering the text, as it is to avoid seeing and remembering the trimmings of a new bonnet.'

The girls saw that there was no excuse. They understood and felt very sensibly that their forgetting of the text was the consequence of their indifference and worldliness. Conscience was awake; and their painful embarrassment was apparent.

Their brother, who was the youngest of the family, thought he could answer his father's question with ease, and willing to triumph a little over his sisters, he remarked, 'Father, I can give you Mr. Johnston's text.'

'Well, Henry, what is it?'

'Woe to them that weep, for they shall laugh.'

'Not quite, my son. "Woe to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep."' Luke 6: 25.

The girls smiled at his blunder and confusion, but neither of them ventured to say anything.

Mr. Thornwell perceived that his children were chagrined at the exposure of their inexcusable ignorance, and felt rebuked for their carelessness and neglect.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

'Rely upon it, Sammy,' said the old man as he leaned on his staff with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning;—'murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.

'Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, —' Here is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy don't you forget that your schooling is not over yet though you have a wife and two children.'

'Aye,' replied Sammy, 'you may say that, and a mother in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can earn here, where the greatest scholars and lawyers are at logger-heads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.'

'Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things.

'First: that you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never thought you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one half aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy day.

'Secondly: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you that credit was a shadow; there is a substance behind which casts the shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may learn that you have followed, and been decoyed into a bog.

'Thirdly: that you have gone in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

'Fourthly: that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us and we have become presumptuous.

'Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God for His benefits in past times.

'Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

'And lastly, to the end of my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'Give us this day our daily bread'

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away the forge bellows.

THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC.—At the late meeting of the British Association, an important paper was read by Rev. Dr. Scoresby, on the subject of the magnitude of Atlantic waves, their velocity and phenomena. In this paper, Dr. Scoresby, who is a veteran sailor as well as a sound divine, gave a vivid description of a storm which he had witnessed on the Atlantic; and stated that the result of his observations on that occasion was, that he had discovered that the height of the waves from the trough to the crest was 43 feet, and that their average velocity was 32 and a fraction miles per hour. This, it was stated, confirmed the observations made on the velocity of waves reported to the association in 1845 by Mr. Scott Russell, who set down their velocity at from 30 to 31 miles an hour.

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—EDITED BY—

Rev. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., and Rev. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

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